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Cover design: THREE DAUGHTERS OF ADDIN LEWIS AT THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVE, American School, painted about 1832. Lent to the exhibition of paintings illustrating LIFE IN AMERICA FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS, at The Metropolitan Museum of Art from April through October. Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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Editor

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A Franco-Yankee Thanksgiving

MABEL A. BROWN

THE King of France once joined in celebrating a Yankee Thanksgiving. The immediate cause for thanksgiving over here was the military victory that established our independence; and Louis XVI had reason for rejoicing over this, too.

Thanksgiving, in 1781, had not yet won its red-letter numerals on the American calendar, and it was the custom for Congress to decree a day whenever it seemed best. In September a committee had been appointed, as usual, to take care of the matter of giving thanks. But the committee, hoping for some five-star-final blessing that would justify turkey and cranberry sauce, had put the matter off.

Meantime, John Laurens, with Tom Paine as his secretary, had been sent to France with one more plea for help. General Washington had asked these two to do a little personal shopping for him in Paris. They were to buy him "a travelling Razor case with everything compleat" and also some soup dishes "of tin or something very light for the field."

Just before the first of October they returned, bringing funds—and probably the soup plates and razor kit as well. The amount of money was not as large as had been hoped for, but it was enough to save the day, temporarily.

Then came an event that sent the thank-you committee into action with a bang—a blessing that was a blessing! On the 19th of October the Battle of Yorktown and the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis took place.

Comparing the French forces at Yorktown with the Americans, Rupert Hughes says:

The French were three to one, nor should it be overlooked the Americans largely wore French clothes, and French shoes, and used French weapons and French ammunition.

Is it any wonder France joined in our Thanksgiving? An official day for gratitude was decreed immediately after the victory; but Congress thoughtfully set the date as far ahead as the 13th of December,

in order to allow time for messages to get to Paris and back.

Louis XVI ordered the *Te Deum* sung in churches in France on the thirteenth, and instructed Rochambeau, still over here, to observe the day appropriately in his army. Louis XVI was especially in the mood for rejoicing just then because of the birth of his son, the first Dauphin. America, in brotherly comradeship, congratulated him and Marie Antoinette on having an heir to the throne. The throne was tottering, but no one realized it.

The high-spirited Lafayette, little suspecting another revolution was ahead for him, probably gave thanks in both languages, so whole-heartedly was he devoted to the two countries.

Count de Ferson, the young and handsome Swede who was to play a dramatic part in an attempt to save the life of Marie Antoinette during the French Revolution, was in America on that Thanksgiving Day as Rochambeau's aide.

Another foreigner who rejoiced with us in 1781 was Baron von Steuben, whom they called the "Drillmaster of the Revolution" because his knowledge of Prussian military technique had been of such value in training our troops. He was one of the few foreigners who never returned to his own country after the War of the Revolution.

Of all the men from other lands who gave thanks on American soil that day, however, there was none more generous, more loyal, and yet more-to-be-neglected-by-history than Tom Paine, who had come here from England.

"He and Washington provided the powder and shot of the American War of Independence," says Pearson. "Washington could not have struck effectively without the force of Paine behind him. The one aroused the necessary enthusiasm which the other directed."

"Common Sense" is the name of the first batch of mental gun powder Tom Paine provided. In this he argued that anything short of independence was an outrage

against common sense. His writing had a powerful effect. He would carry a musket by day, and at night, by flickering candlelight, he wrote things on a drumhead that kindled new courage in the cold, hungry, half-hearted soldiers.

Eight years later, when the Bastille fell, Paine was in Paris. Wherever there was a struggle for independence there was Paine. Jefferson had left Paris; and Paine, whose writings in this country had gained him a considerable reputation in France, was looked upon as the representative of the new democracy overseas.

That is how it happened Lafayette gave Paine the key to the Bastille and told him to present it to General Washington as a symbol that "the principles of America" had caused the fall of that hated prison.

Both Paine and Lafayette were soon to be thrown into prison. Paine's arrest came about as a result of his humane attitude toward Louis XVI. "Kill the King, not the man," he said. "The United States would be offended by the death of their benefactor," he declared. Such talk did not suit some of the bloodthirsty leaders of the French Revolution, and behind prison bars went Paine.

His escape from the guillotine was thrilling. A chalk mark was put on the door of the cell of each prisoner condemned to die. Paine had fallen ill during his ten months in the dungeon of Luxembourg, and the prison doctor had become his friend. Some say it was the doctor who thought up the scheme that saved Paine's life. The door of Paine's cell swung outward. It was open against the wall as the marker passed through the corridor on his gruesome errand. With the list of the doomed men in his hand he placed the fatal chalk mark—on the back of the door.

When the executioner came later, Paine's door was closed so the mark was on the inside and could not be seen. Perhaps the doctor was counting Paine's pulse, which must have been rapid at that moment! Paine escaped death by this little trick, and about this time James Monroe arrived in Paris and succeeded in getting him released.

Before all this happened, however, Paine

had forwarded to Washington the key to the Bastille, as planned with Lafayette.

"When he mentioned to me the present he intended you, my heart leaped for joy," wrote Paine to Washington. "That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the key comes to the right place."

Paine would have liked to make the presentation in person. "But no doubt I shall not see my much-loved America until next spring," he continued. With touching loyalty he announced he would carry the American flag in the procession when the French Constitution was proclaimed, and closed by saying he was sending, also, a half dozen razors, "as a little token from a grateful heart."

Today, in the hall at Mount Vernon, may be seen the huge, heavy key to the Bastille. In the west parlor may be seen a specially-designed French carpet that Louis XVI, before his downfall, sent as a token of friendship to Washington.

The carpet, too, has a story. Washington could not, under the law, accept a gift from a foreign ruler after he became President. The costly carpet, with its central figure of an American eagle surrounded by stars, was sold to someone in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In 1897, after many years of use, the Aubusson carpet was presented to Mount Vernon, to remain in the place for which it was intended so long ago.

A key, a carpet, some razor blades, the *Te Deum*—strange reminders of a friendship stranger still! The benevolence of the government of Louis XVI to a country whose aims were directly opposed to its own is one of the curious paradoxes of history. The friendship of nations is rarely altruistic, and the old enmity between England and France was no doubt a factor in the relation between France and this country. But the fact remains that some of the finest men of the French nobility and some of the bravest leaders of France's Army and Navy came to our rescue.

There was more than one cause for gratitude on that day in 1781 when Louis XVI joined Uncle Sam in a Thanksgiving chorus.



THE MAYFLOWER

"From Boat to Barn"

A Different Thanksgiving Story

ELINOR EMERY POLLARD

WHATEVER became of the *Mayflower*, that staunch little ship which carried one hundred and two men, women and children safely across the Atlantic more than three hundred years ago? People have thoughtlessly chipped away bits of Plymouth Rock, eager to touch, to hold in their hands a sacred piece of the earliest cornerstone of America's history. And whenever there has been talk of destroying *Old Ironsides*, that famous little vessel built in 1797, which played such a conspicuous role against the pirates, and in the War of 1812, Americans have risen up in loyal indignation, and have clamored to save it;

to preserve it as a tangible link with our country's earlier days of heroism.

How much more, even, the wonderful little ship that first brought Colonists to our New England shore! Was it sold and destroyed? Does anyone living know anything about it? What really did become of it?

Such thoughts stirred Dr. Hamilton Holt, now President of Rollins College in Florida, as he turned away from the Tercenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims. He was going to England that summer of 1920. He would have some leisure time, and he determined to ask

questions, to keep his ears open, and to see what he could see.

In a tavern shortly after his arrival, he was dining with his family when he chanced to meet an elderly English gentleman, given to friendly conversation.

"Tell me," said Dr. Holt, "is there any record of what finally became of your famous ship, the *Mayflower*? Did no one ever seek to preserve it?"

The stranger showed no apparent enthusiasm, but he shared what knowledge he had in the matter.

"There's a barn standing some twenty miles out from London in Buckinghamshire," he said, "and some folks believe it is built out of timbers from the old *Mayflower*. It's a jolly ride out there," he added, turning to go. "One of the most beautiful and leafiest lanes in the countryside."

Dr. Holt was at once interested; a bit incredulous, too, but even a few timbers, if they could be proven a part of the famous little ship, would be some gain in his quest. Determined to see for himself, therefore, he drove out to the Quaker settlement at Chorley Woods, where William Penn, his two wives, and their seven children lie buried beside the quaint old Quaker meeting house.

A few yards beyond, he found the Jordan Hostelry, now owned by the Society of Friends. There was an old stone farmhouse built on Colonial lines, with various sheds and a hay barn clustered about a gay quadrangle of blossoms in the center.

Dr. Holt knocked, gained entrance, and began at once to question the innkeeper, to learn what he might know of the historic *Mayflower*. Through a side door they crossed the square garden in the yard together, and as they went Mr. Jordan flung a brief introduction over one shoulder.

"The man as built her, took back the *Mayflower* in the end," he explained. "And to settle some debt of his own, he eventually turned her over to my forebear, a Mr. Jordan way back."

Petunias, delphinium, phlox and forget-me-nots nodded at each other in the soft summer breeze, and filled the air with their heavy fragrance.

"What possible use had a man in this inland countryside for a seaworthy ship?"

asked Dr. Holt. He was not yet convinced, but suddenly the outline of the old hay barn, clear cut against the blue sky, caught his imagination. "From boat to barn!" he murmured to himself. "As if Neptune himself had tossed it in here, upside down, and safe for the centuries to come, on dry land!"

"Yes, sir," replied the Quaker in direct answer. "That there is it; that hay barn, just as it stands."

The timber looked charred and black, but the dome-shaped roof rounded down the side walls to the ground, without gable edge or gutter line at all.

"Only age and time have colored it," the innkeeper continued. He had grown up beside it, and his father and his grandfather before him. He spoke reverently, but with little awe.

Dr. Holt removed his hat and asked softly, "May I go in?"

Realizing his interest, from then on Mr. Jordan loosed his tongue and poured forth a wealth of information with decidedly un-Quakerlike eloquence.

"I guess you know about that famous archeological research man, a Dr. Rendel Harris?" he began. "He was the first to come out here looking for the old ship. He said 'twas by the barest chance he learned of its existence, and he brought some men along with him to make all sorts of tests and written records."

They had entered the long narrow building now, a mellowness of wood mingling with the smell of sweet hay in its lofts. "Port holes" along each side let in shafts of sunlight and filled the corners with shadows. Most of all, Dr. Holt was impressed that so few timbers could have carried so many courageous souls at the mercy of wind and storm, over an uncharted sea. It was easy to imagine the quaint figures of the little children who traveled on board; the stern and anxious faces of their parents; and to hear the whisper of their devout prayers as mountainous waves washed over the decks of the tiny *Mayflower*.

"Scientists have proved these timbers are more'n three hundred years old," said the innkeeper as he knocked with his knuckles against a square hand-hewn, wooden-peg-

ged beam beside him. "And especially, look here!"

Dr. Holt studied the iron brace and bolt overhead, binding a deep crack in the main central cross-beam, as his Quaker friend pointed it out to him.

"That ties in perfectly with the log records kept in Governor Bradford's Journal." He had warmed to his subject thoroughly, and nothing could stop him now. "Governor Bradford tells how in midocean, they were scared about a long split in the main cross beam, and they melted up a couple of cooking pots to make the iron bolt piece you see right there."

This was no yarn. Modern strips of two-by-four wood reinforcing the loft flooring here and there, stood out in vivid contrast to the heavier blocks of mellowed gray, three centuries old, and added conviction to the story as it was told. Dr. Holt thanked his host, assured him he was deeply grateful for permitting him to visit the rare historic treasure, and promised that he would return again some day.

"I should think your paths might be worn smooth and your tavern be over-full with reverent American tourists!" he commented. "I cannot understand why the existence of the *Mayflower* here in this quiet countryside haven, is not more widely known!"

Five years passed, and once again Dr. Holt returned to England to visit his father. It was a hot, sultry Sunday afternoon, and as he strode back and forth on the broad veranda looking out across the rolling green hills and valleys, he was suddenly seized with an irresistible longing to go again to the Quaker settlement at Chorley Woods, and to see there the three-hundred-year-old ship that now, inverted, sheltered its lofts full of hay each year, against the summer sun.

The same innkeeper greeted him.

"Word is getting about gradually," he commented almost immediately. "Some men came here and cut out a chunk of the central beam where you see that bronze plaque nailed on."

Dr. Holt hurried over to examine it.

Surely, now that it was discovered it was not to be chipped into small fragments and scattered far and wide! But after he had read what was printed on the tablet, he nodded approvingly. It was most fitting, he thought, that a small portion had been carefully removed and brought over to America to be placed in the frame of a new international bridge just completed between Canada and the United States. It was peculiarly right that a part of the timber that had brought English settlers to this country should become a part of the bridge that joins the two nations today in friendly commerce and trade.

And then, as he stood there, Dr. Holt was seized with another idea; an inspiration to further bring to the people on our own continent a realization that the *Mayflower* was still preserved to us today. He turned to the innkeeper beside him, and explained his plan and eventually he carried it to those others who were concerned in the ownership of the property.

At the time, a girls' dormitory was being built at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, and Dr. Holt decided then and there what he should name the new building.

"*Mayflower*," he said, his eyes glowing with triumph and pride in his discovery. "The new dormitory shall be called *Mayflower Hall*! And over the mantel in the main reception room I will frame a small section of one of these precious original beams of the *Mayflower*, more than three hundred years old."

So for the last time, a part of that wonderful little vessel has crossed the Atlantic and today in both countries we have preserved for us a tangible memento of the sturdy ship that brought those first settlers to the bleak and rocky shores of New England in 1620; that brought some of the faith and fortitude and courageous vision which made it possible to build America out of a wilderness. And every year at Thanksgiving time, Dr. Hamilton Holt tells his own *Mayflower* story in the Rollins College Chapel, for after all the *Mayflower* and the Pilgrims and Thanksgiving are inextricably one.

Distinguished Daguerreotypes

❖ X ❖



HEMAN WHIPPLE and his bride, Charlotte Matteson Whipple with a little nephew. This daguerreotype is now owned by Isabel L. Cole of South Shaftsbury, Vermont, a collateral descendant of Mr. Whipple, and is considered an unusually fine specimen and valuable for the costuming so clearly depicted. Mr. Whipple's grandfather fought in the battle of Bennington, and Mrs. Whipple's great grandfather was the first Town Clerk of Shaftsbury, Vermont. The couple was married November 30, 1840. The editor will take pleasure in publishing, at a later date, a copy of an interesting letter written by Heman Whipple's brother, Charles, in 1844, which is also owned by Miss Cole



JAMES MADISON FINK and Isabella Sommers Fink, taken before their marriage in 1858. These daguerreotypes, depicting the grandparents of Vivian Lyon Moore of Hillsdale, Michigan, are in her possession, and Mrs. Moore's letter to the editor describing them is very illuminating:

"I am enclosing copies of two daguerreotypes, which I hope you can use in that section of the magazine. They are pictures of my grandfather, James Madison Fink, and my grandmother, Isabella Sommers Fink, taken before their marriage. The date is approximately 1858. My grandmother died two years ago at the age of ninety-eight and at that time she was the oldest member of the D. A. R. in Michigan. The chapter at Hillsdale—Ann Gridley—was the only chapter in the state which had as members four generations of the same family at the same time—my grandmother, my mother, myself, and my daughter. The two daguerreotypes are in my possession. That of my grandmother is in rather frail condition, as it was carried by my grandfather all through the Civil War."





THOMAS BRIGGS WRIGHT and Andromache Loving Wright, grandparents of Elizabeth S. Duvall of Bowling Green, Kentucky, the owner of the daguerreotypes which are in the form of breastpins. Thomas Briggs Wright was the son of Josiah McGhee Wright, a pioneer settler of Warren County who migrated from Virginia. Andromache Loving Wright was the daughter of John Loving, Commonwealth Attorney in Lovings-ton, Virginia, and the Loving line goes back to Thomas Loving, who was born in 1610 in James City, Virginia. Miss Duvall has in her possession an old church letter which was brought from Scotland by her great grandmother, Catharine Cuman, dated August 27, 1793, which reads as follows:

"These are to certify that Thomas Bridges (Briggs) the bearer, and his wife Catharine Cuman, were both in full communion with this Associate Congregation for some years past, and believed themselves christianly, with sobriety and honesty. Are now about to remove from us with their children free from public scandal or ground for church censure known to us. So that we have nothing to hinder their admission unto any Christian Congregation where God shall determine the place of their residence.

John Mortown, Minister,
Patrick Jollie, Ses. Clk."





JAMES HERNDON, a Soldier of the War of 1814, and his wife, Ann Reed Perkin Herndon, a daughter of a soldier of the American Revolution. This daguerreotype is owned by Mrs. William Rock Painter of Carrollton, Missouri



HENRY ADOLPHUS LONDON and Sally Margaret Lord London, parents of Sallie London Wood, the owner of the daguerreotype. The couple was married February 29, 1832, and they were both natives of North Carolina



HORATIO ODLE STONE of Ontario County, New York, with his third wife, Elizabeth Yager. This daguerreotype now belongs to Mrs. George Andrews Abbott of Oak Park, Illinois, a great niece of Mr. Stone. Horatio Stone was the son of Ebenezer Stone, an 1812 Soldier, and a grandson of a Revolutionary Soldier. He migrated to Chicago in 1832 and was prominently associated with real estate developments until his death in 1875



Nancy Hart

EDNA ARNOLD COPELAND

BEFORE THE Revolutionary War there came to settle in the backwoods of Northeast Georgia, Nancy Morgan Hart, Benjamin (her husband), and their eight children.

The spot where the Harts built their cabin was known as the Broad River Settlement, near a romantic stream called Wahatche Creek (War Woman). The cabin stood on a steep hill, thickly wooded with pines and oaks that extended down to the water's edge, and had the appearance of belonging to nature nearly as much as did Nancy Hart, the "War Woman." She was of patagonian build, six feet in height, remarkably well limbed and muscular. On the wall of her cabin were hung antlers of stags which gave proof of her unerring aim. Cooking was another accomplishment. She could prepare a pumpkin in as many ways as there are days in a week.

Savannah had fallen and Augusta had been taken. It was at this time that the State was overrun by the British and Tories. General Elijah Clark gathered together hundreds of women and children from the Broad River Settlement to a place of safety in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The majority of them were anxious to go, but Nancy Hart's fighting spirit was aroused and she refused to join the party. She, with her two daughters and six sons, remained at home. It has been truthfully stated that Nancy Hart, in some respects, was the most remarkable woman that any country produced, although she stands out in history as hot-tempered, unmanageable, and sharp-tongued. It is known that her neighbors would always add, "—But what a honey of a patriot Nancy was!" Her bravery was tested when a party of Loyalists left the British camp in Augusta, crossed Broad River and entered her cabin. They demanded that she give them food. Nancy replied that she only had one turkey gobbler left, as the Tories had "shot down" her others. No sooner had she made this statement when one of the party placed a gun on his shoulder, went out, and killed the gobbler and ordered it cooked.

While Nancy was preparing the food,

she overheard one of the party say, "Well, we killed Col. John Dooley." Colonel Dooley was Nancy's friend and neighbor. Her tactics changed immediately. She became an interesting hostess, bringing out plenty of good food and drink. Her keen sense of humor, mixed with the drinks, made her guests become quite gay and festive. At War Woman's Creek was a shell which, when blown one blast, signified, "Big force of the enemy near; lie low;" two blasts, "Enemy gone;" three blasts, "Come to the house quick!" So, with a secret code, Nancy ordered her thirteen-year-old daughter, Sukie, to blow three blasts. As the Tory party became very jubilant, Nancy's wit became keener, and each time she passed the stacked guns she would slip one through the wall where a piece of chunking had been removed. When she had succeeded in spiriting the muskets away, leaving only three, someone noticed it and all the soldiers rushed for their guns. Nancy Hart lowered her musket and dared them to move. Two of the party, hating to be outdone by a woman, made a plunge for their guns and both were brought down to the floor in the twinkling of an eye. She held them at bay until her husband brought substantial reinforcements.

One day Nancy Hart was busy about her household duties when she heard a horse running outside. She peeped out and saw a Liberty Boy driving for dear life. She quickly opened the door, and, as he begged for safety, she threw the door wide open and said, "Drive through the house and into the swamp to safety." In a few minutes the Tories came in hot pursuit and knocked loudly at Nancy's door. She limped to the door and opened it and said, "What do you mean by coming here and disturbing a poor cripple 'oman?"

"We're looking for a young boy on a horse. Have you seen him?"

She said, "Was he a sorrel horse?"

"Yes, where is he?"

"Well, he turned off right yonder."

And away those Tories went after the boy in the opposite direction.

At another time Nancy was boiling soap over a log fire in the kitchen. Around her were grouped her children, and she was telling them scraps of neighborhood gossip and war news that she had gathered. One of the family discovered that there was some one peeping in through a crack in the chimney of the cabin, and whispered to Nancy to look. Nancy Hart talked along at a livelier rate, at the same time keeping an eye on the opening. Suddenly she dashed a ladleful of the boiling soap through the crevice. The roar of pain that followed proved that the aim had been good. The family hurried out and found that it was a spying Tory neighbor, and before he could recover, he was seized by Nancy Hart and bound as a prisoner.

When there was needed some important information in regard to what was transpiring in South Carolina, Nancy Hart made a raft of logs, bound them together with grape vine, forded the Savannah River, entered the British camp dressed as a man, and played the part of half-wit. No one suspected her as a spy, and in this manner she obtained the desired information.

General Lincoln and Light-Horse Harry Lee, who had recently arrived from North Carolina, were exceedingly anxious to measure swords with the British Army in and

about Augusta. They wanted the location of the enemy forces and where their artillery was posted. The spies sent by them had all been captured. They appealed to Nancy Hart. Dauntless Nancy undertook the task. She outfitted herself with a basket of eggs and a bundle of soldiers' housewares. She was not suspected, and came back with all the data called for, adding her opinion of the proper point of attack. The Patriot Army moved upon the weak point indicated by Nancy. The British promptly fell back behind the Augusta fortifications.

Nancy Hart asked General Clark to have built for her a small Fort, commanding the route the Tory scouts used, for it was too far from cover to permit the use of a rifle. The Fort was built. It is claimed that one day Nancy Hart alone garrisoned the Fort when she saw the enemy approaching. Her fire was so deadly and heavy that the enemy fled.

Nancy had never been a very pious woman, but toward the end, when old age had turned her red hair grey, she "got religion" at a big Methodist meeting and it is recorded that she fought Satan as she had the Tories in the Revolutionary War. The greatest measure of this brave woman of the Revolutionary period is what she did.



The Last Soldier?

MABEL MEADOWS STAATS

*He leaned above his new-born son that day
When he returned with victory dearly won,
And felt the cost was not too great to pay
For threat of future wars forever done;
Nor grudged the wounds that made his footsteps slow,
Nor dark, deep scars his soul must ever wear,
But dreamed a far-flung peace his son would know;
A world made safe for every warrior's heir.
The spring has come for twenty times and one,
But peace still waits, a phantom dream afar,
And war's dark shadow shapes into a gun;
The soldier's son may hear the call to war.
The father's scars must throb with deep, new pain—
Has all his sacrifice been made in vain?*

SAINT LOUIS & ST. JOSEPH'S PACKET STEAM BOAT

CLARA

CAPT. J. CHEEVER



Bill of Fare

Saturday, May 15th, 1852

SOUP

"Calf Head"

BOILED

Ham,
Corned Beef,
Mutton, Butter sauce
Chicken,
Tongue,
Cold Fish "ala" Rein Egg sauce.

ROAST

Beef, Gravy sauce
Veal, Savory do
Lamb, Pork or Chicken, Ketchup sauce,
Turkey,
Pig, Liver sauce,
Venison,
Mutton, Chili sauce.

SIDE DISHES

Breast of Mutton, Smothered
Beef Heart Larduo

Calf Head Ala Mode
Pork Ragout Onion sauce
Braised Lamb herb sauce.

RELISHES

Horse Radish, Cold Slauch and Pickles.

VEGETABLES OF THE SEASON

PASTRY

Sago Pudding
Blanc Mange
Gooseberry Pie

Rhubarb Pie
Cranberry Pie
Currant Pie

DESSERT

Pound Cake
Fruit Cake
Almonds

Raisins
Figs
Prunes

WINE LIST AT THE BAR

MADEIRA

Oleiveira \$1.50
Old Reserve 2.00
Bacchus, old and pure..... 2.00
Howard, March & Co. south side... 2.50
Prince Albert, very fine..... 3.00

SHERRY

Lobo, Pale 1.50
Yriarto, Pale, Delicate..... 2.00
Harmony 2.50

PORT

London Dock 2.00
Brazil 2.50

CHAMPAIGNE

Heidsick, quarts 2.25
Do pints 1.25
Irroy Cabinet Wine..... 2.00
Do do do pints 1.25

DOMESTIC

Longworth's Sparkling Catawba.... \$2.00
Do do pints.... 1.00

CLARET

Table Claret75
St. Julien 1.00
St. Emillion, 1844..... 1.25
Do 1846..... 1.50
Haut Tailleur 2.00

HOCK

Ruddesheimer 2.50

MALT LIQUORS

London Porter, Quarts..... .50
Do do pints..... .31
Tennent's Scotch Ale..... .50
Do do pints..... .31
Pittsburgh Ale and Porter..... .25

Gentlemen ordering Wine from the Bar without
designating the kind or price
will be furnished with Maderia at two dollars per bottle.

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THE ORIGINAL OF THIS OLD STEAMBOAT BILL OF FARE HANGS IN THE RELIC ROOM OF THE OLD
TAVERN, ARROW ROCK, MISSOURI



Arrow Rock

RUTH E. RILEY

IF you are one of those people who enjoy a visit to places which have played an important part in the history of our country you will get a great deal of pleasure from a visit to Arrow Rock, a village in Saline County, Missouri.

Long before the days of the Revolutionary War there was an Indian village at Arrow Rock. Here lived a beautiful Indian maiden, the daughter of a Chieftain. She was sought in marriage by many braves, but loved Deerfoot, who was so named because of his fleetness of foot. Deerfoot was slender and lightly built. The old Chieftain desired his daughter to have the best of husbands, which to him meant one who would do well at hunting or in battle. He therefore declared he would give his daughter to the brave who proved himself the best marksman with the bow.

A day was set and the Chieftain provided a great feast. After the feast he declared he would give his daughter in marriage to the brave who could shoot an arrow across the Missouri River, and cause it to strike against the limestone bluff on the opposite side. The river was not very wide at this point but the distance was enough to make this a test of strength and skill. There are two versions of the story. One states that a powerful warrior won the contest, and the Indian maiden threw herself into the river, preferring death to marriage with a man she did not love. The other,

and more commonly accepted version is, that when Deerfoot shot his arrow a gentle breeze sprang up, carrying his arrow against the bluff. The maiden, greatly excited, cried to her father "arrow—rock." And thus the village got its name.

As early as 1713 French explorers came to Arrow Rock, prospecting for gold. White men and Indians began to meet there to trade. The importance of Arrow Rock in this respect became so apparent that in 1807 Major George S. Sibley, of St. Charles, Missouri, was sent to Arrow Rock to establish a trading post. He is credited with building the first blockhouse, a one and one-half story structure.

Settlers came from Virginia, and also from Kentucky and Tennessee. We are told the first permanent white settlement made in Saline County was made by Isaac and William Clark, and Daniel Thornton, all of Tennessee. The first white families lived in Arrow Rock in 1811.

Judge Joseph Huston saw the need for a tavern and built the one which has been in continuous use since 1830. His own slaves made the bricks used in the building, and got out by hand the lumber, which was black walnut, from his plantation.

Before entering the tavern it is worthwhile to pause long enough to read the plate the Daughters of the American Revolution have placed on the wall near the west doorway:

"The Old Tavern was erected in 1830 and marks the first trail from east to west. Standing as a sentinel on guard, its ivied walls contain the secret dreams of those who built the western empire, and helped mold the motto of this great state. The Tavern was purchased during Governor A. M. Hyde's administration, making the Daughters of the American Revolution of Missouri custodians."

This plate was erected in 1923.

Entering the office, visitors are asked to register, as did Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Washington Irving, and many another famous character. Hanging down through the ceiling to the office desk is the old rope, which for over one hundred years has been used to ring the bell in the cupola a half hour before meals and at meal time, to call guests to the dining hall. In the office hang lanterns which once belonged in the homes of Eli Whitney and Captain George Bingham. Over the mantel is a large painting of Judge Joseph Huston himself. There are a number of interesting pieces of furniture, each with a story. On the walls is a paneling of imported English wall-paper with quaint characters from the work of Charles Dickens.

You take the step down into the dining hall, with its low ceiling and drop leaf tables. On the mantel is the fly brush of peacock feathers with which slaves kept the tables free from flies, during meals. Near it is a pink Wedgwood plate once used by Queen Victoria. One may still get a room or meals at the old Tavern, but the menu is different than the old Steamboat Bill of Fare, typical of those early days, which hangs in the museum.

The bedrooms, each of which was furnished by some chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Missouri, or someone greatly interested in their work of restoring the Old Tavern, have furniture to thrill the heart of any lover of antiques. There are six bedrooms upstairs, and one downstairs. The latter is off the office, its black walnut floor in excellent condition in spite of its years of service.

The museum is a place where hours could be profitably spent. The colonial wallpaper pictures people of that period. Its four

walls house many things once in everyday use.

There are also in the museum many grim reminders of the bloodshed which has marked the growth of our nation. In a little frame is a bit of cloth from the vest Captain Marshall Cooper was wearing when he was killed by Indians near Fayette, Missouri. The typewritten story is hanging near. By the fireplace is a great pot in which lead was melted to make bullets used during the War of 1812. Later the pot was helpful to Andrew Jackson in winning the battle of New Orleans. There is a great collection of arrow heads, and another of oldtime guns.

Hanging on the walls are old land grants, handbills advertising the sale of slaves, or offering rewards for those who ran away from their owners, and other interesting documents. There is fine old glassware sitting about, spinning wheels—it would take a good sized book accurately to describe the museum's contents. In the museum and in several of the bedrooms are paintings and copies of paintings by Missouri's internationally known artist, George Bingham.

Down in the park you may get a drink from the clear cold water of the Big Spring. The rights of the water from the Big Spring are reserved to the citizens of Arrow Rock through the original land grant of Burton Lawless, who, with John Bingham, donated fifty acres of land on which to build the town, and gave with this land the right to free use of water "from any and all springs" on land owned by him adjacent to the town of Arrow Rock.

The sign near the Big Spring tells us of the crossing of the trails of the North and South Osage Indians at this point. Later wagon trains and stage coaches made this a watering point.

Other signs about the park tell where the old hemp and tobacco warehouses once stood, at a point where the old Missouri channel ran near the wharf. The warehouse was burned in a great fire, the wharf has rotted away, and the river no longer runs near.

But despite the fact that some of the old landmarks are gone, you leave Arrow Rock with the feeling you have, for a time, been in another world—the world of long ago.

Tribal Custom

MARGARET HUDSON

THE LOG gate of Fort St. Frederic creaked rustily as it swung open, and three riders in single file rode out into the ominous darkness of the forest. Heavy clouds obscured the moon, and in the dim light the giant pines loomed in eerie shapes against the horizon.

"*Mon Dieu!*" one of the riders shuddered. "I don't like this!"

"Courage, *mon ami*," the leader of the party laughed. "You know, Renie, the journey to Montreal is quite simple."

Renie glanced back longingly at the stolid fortress, and fervently wished himself safe within French portals. But instead he said, with false assurance, "On the whole, perhaps, the journey is not so dangerous. But what about the first part of it?"

"Yes," the third rider agreed. "Can you not give us some information, Lieutenant?"

Lieutenant d'Armand was silent for a moment. In the year 1759 there were tracts of land in the northern part of the country that were extremely dangerous—not so much on account of the English Foe but because the deadliest enemy of the French was ever watchful—the powerful Iroquois Confederacy of the Six Nations!

The Lieutenant did not wish to worry his companions. "Eh bien," he said cheerfully, "I have already discussed the route with you. We shall make three stops—two on French Seignories and the last at Fort St. Jean. It is but a day's trip from there to Montreal."

Renie sighed. "I hate the woods," he complained. "I hate this new country. May *le bon Dieu* guide me back to Paris before I die!"

"But there is nothing to fear in the woods," the Lieutenant objected. "A few simple rules, and one does not get lost. See," he pointed to the east, "already the sun is showing its light. Soon you will be able to observe more clearly a few points of woodcraft. Already you can see that the trees are generally bigger on the south side, and were you to feel the moss on the trunks, you would find it cleaner and dryer toward the north."

Neither Renie nor the third rider answered him. They were often scratching against the branches of bushes and trees as they rode on, and the way was rough and difficult. The massive pines were on both sides of them, interspersed with silvery birches, and a nearby brook murmured softly as it followed its way through the underbrush.

"I'm so thirsty," the third rider protested. "Could we stop for a moment to have a drink?"

"But certainly," Lieutenant d'Armand was obliging. "You too, Renie? The water will refresh us."

The Lieutenant was taking a drink when he fancied he heard a twig snap. He looked at his horse, and saw that the animal's delicate ears were twitching nervously.

"Hurry," he cried to his companions. "We must get out of here!"

They ran toward the horses, but no sooner had they mounted than they heard the blood-curdling yell that was the war whoop of the Iroquois, and savage figures surrounded them, pulling them roughly from their saddles.

To the French prisoners it seemed as though the Iroquois must number a hundred; in reality, there were about twelve. With amazing dexterity they bound their captives' hands behind their backs and forced them back into the saddle.

Then, an Indian leading each horse and the tribesmen closely keeping guard on all sides, they were led on through the dense forest, over rocks and scratching bushes.

In the distance they could see the faint light of a fire, and as they approached it they saw that it was a camp-fire nearly burnt out, large pieces of ember still glowing brightly on the ground.

An elderly Indian arose and came forward when he saw them. He was evidently the Chief of the party. Most of the Indians were middle-aged warriors, and there were two young braves.

At the Chief's orders, his tribesmen began to search the prisoners. One of the braves took Renie, a warrior devoted himself to Lieutenant d'Armand, and the other brave

began to search the third rider. The rest of the Indians stood around, watching the proceedings with interest.

Renie made no resistance when he was searched, looking on with a show of absolute indifference. Lieutenant d'Armand put up a struggle but it was a temporary one. The Indians were only too well equipped to handle any outbreaks of their captives. For the Lieutenant's disobedience, he was bound with especial care, heavy thongs chafing his wrists and ankles.

No sooner had this been done than the young brave searching the third rider called, "Eksagona!" The other Indians looked up, startled, came over to see for themselves if it could possibly be true.

It was true. The third rider was a woman!

Stripped of the military cape she had been wearing, she stood before them, slim and defiant in a borrowed French uniform.

Lieutenant d'Armand, looking on helplessly, cried in tones of anguish, "Mademoiselle!"

She turned to him, and spoke hastily in her own tongue. "It doesn't make any difference, Lieutenant. We shall escape from these abominable savages, never fear."

"I am afraid it will not be quite so simple, Mademoiselle," the young brave who had been searching her said in very good French.

Her surprise was unbounded as she looked at him. For the first time she noticed that he was tall, and strikingly handsome. He wore a white buckskin suit adorned with beaded necklaces, and the soft, beaded moccasins on his feet were much nicer than the ones she had bought once from an Algonquin—they were friendly with the French—in Montreal.

He turned now, and said something to the elderly chief. Immediately the other young brave began to protest strongly. The French girl made nothing of the argument that followed for the first few moments, and then it dawned upon her that they were fighting over her. She looked around wildly, and her tall young captor seemed to sense her fear.

"Mademoiselle does not have to be afraid," he said calmly. "We are only discussing which one of us shall carry you.

Palewa," nodding to the other young brave, "seems to think that he found you first."

She recalled suddenly having heard of this Iroquois custom. A captive belonged to the first one who laid eyes upon him. When the captive was a woman, she was usually married by her possessor.

Lieutenant d'Armand was thinking of the same thing. "It shall not happen, Mademoiselle, I assure you," he said, heedless of the danger. "Somehow we will find a way out."

She looked at him, and managed to smile, remembering that he had professed his love for her only the day before they had left Fort St. Frederic. When she glanced at the young brave again, she saw a strange, inscrutable expression on his face, and wondered of what he was thinking. These savages were always so mystifying, their faces seemingly expressionless while their minds were busy inventing new tortures to inflict upon the helpless persons who came within their grasp.

The oldest Indian called, "Niatha." He turned, and went over to join the group of his tribesmen. So Niatha, then, was his name. In spite of herself the girl couldn't help but think that it was very lovely. Soft, musical—she wondered what it meant.

"Edjiniakhe—ye two will marry," the old warrior mumbled, addressing Niatha. The other young brave, Palewa, looked very much disgusted, but Niatha seemed well pleased.

"Niiaweha, I am thankful," he returned politely, and coming over to the French girl, he smiled down at her triumphantly.

"You are going to be my wife, Mademoiselle," he told her. "They have decided it best because I speak your language."

She paled as she listened to his words. "And when am I to become—your wife?"

"As soon as we reach our village and the marriage is approved by the Council. It is a five-day journey to the west. Palewa will ride ahead, shortly before we get there, and announce our arrival."

"Claudette," d'Armand began, "I promise I will do something!"

"Claudette," the young brave mused. "It is a very pretty name, Claudette."

She felt that never in her life had she hated anyone so much. "You will not call me Claudette," she said sharply.

"Mademoiselle is very imperious," he retorted. "A man usually calls his wife by her first name. That is a custom even among the French."

Her eyes flashed. "You are unbearably insolent."

"How can you say that, Mademoiselle?" he protested. "I am merely trying to be polite in observing your customs."

She refused to speak to him again, even when they were riding through the woods side by side, the hot July sun blazing down upon their heads. Occasionally he inquired about her comfort, and she thought, cynically, that he indeed wanted her well preserved in spite of the elements when they reached his village.

They camped by a spring that night, and the icy water on her parched lips seemed more delicious than anything she had ever tasted. Niatha had brought it to her in a birch bark cup. She noticed, as she held it in her hand, that it was made much more skillfully than the cup Lieutenant d'Armand had fashioned just before they were captured.

"Don't drink so fast," Niatha cautioned her.

"I'll drink as I please," she retorted.

The fourth day they changed their course, riding more to the south. That night Niatha told her that they were but a few hours' journey from the village. "Palewa has gone on to give word of our approach."

"So that your tribesmen will be ready to torture us?"

"That's the usual procedure," he agreed.

She grew white, and her eyes could not conceal her fear. He moved toward her impulsively, "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I did not really mean that. We don't always torture our prisoners."

"How encouraging!"

"At any rate, you won't be tortured. I can promise you that."

She looked at him scornfully and asked, under her breath, what he thought marriage to him would be. And even though the Iroquois left her alone, what would they do to Lieutenant d'Armand and the soldier Renie?

She was restless all night, and wrought to the point of distraction the next day when they approached the village of the

Indians in the heart of the Country of the Six Nations.

The village was made up of a series of "Long Houses," the general Iroquois type of dwelling. From fifty to a hundred feet in length, these houses were rectangles made of a framework of poles woven together with long strips of bark.

There were also a few huts, made of strong logs and mud plaster. They led Claudette to one of these and, looking at it, she thought of the lovely house where she had lived in Montreal, and dim memories of the French chateau that had been her home as a girl came back to her.

Surely she could not live in a primitive place such as this Indian village! The squaw of an Iroquois warrior! She prayed frantically that they would soon discover, back at the Fort and in Montreal, that something had gone amiss with her trip. But then, in this new country news traveled slowly, and it might be a month or two before anyone knew of her capture.

She was imprisoned in the hut, guarded by native squaws, and though none of them spoke French she soon learned an amazing fact.

She had always thought that the Indians held their women in low esteem, making slaves of them. But not so with the Iroquois! The women were veritable chieftesses of the tribe, holding council with the men, owning their property and having many roles to fill besides that of a housewife.

Niatha came to visit her in the early evening. He told her that soon she would come to live with him in one of the "Long Houses". It seemed that in each of these houses a central passageway ran from one doorway to the other, and on each side of this passage there were stalls, separated by a partition of skins.

Every family had one of these compartments to live in. They slept on beds made of blankets and skins, and did their cooking over an open fire or in one of the fireplaces in the central passageway.

After explaining this to her, Niatha turned and spoke to the squaws in his native tongue. Immediately they began to get up and leave the cabin. Claudette's heart contracted with fear as she watched

them file out, but it developed that Niatha only wanted to question her.

"The Chiefs wish to know more about you, Mademoiselle," he said. "Your name in full, and what you were doing at Fort St. Frederic."

"I see no reason why I should tell you anything," she said coldly.

"Mademoiselle," he hesitated a moment, "may I suggest that you tell me what I ask you?"

"Why?"

He avoided her eyes as he said, "I would never hurt you myself, but there are others who would not be quite so—so scrupulous. After all, I'm not the one in authority, you know."

She could hardly believe her ears. The words had not been spoken in an Indian, particularly an Iroquois, manner. For the first time she wondered where he had learned to speak French so well.

"My full name is Claudette de Caillat," she said quietly.

"De Caillat?" he asked, startled.

She nodded, and knew by the look on his face that he realized his captive was the daughter of one of the most prominent men in New France!

"I shall change the name in telling it to my tribesmen," he said. "They might think you too dangerous a person to have around, Mademoiselle."

"You mean that I might be killed?"

"Yes."

She faced him, her dark eyes blazing. "I assure you that death would be a thousand times preferable to marrying you!"

"I assure you that you could do worse among the Iroquois," he replied levelly. "I will be obliged if you will answer the second question."

"What was that?"

"I asked you why you were at Fort St. Frederic."

"I went there to visit my cousin before the hostilities began. While I was there the battle took place in which the French were victorious. That was over a year ago. After that, it was entirely too dangerous for me to attempt the trip to Montreal. I wouldn't have tried now but I received word that my father," her voice faltered, "my father is dying in Montreal."

Niatha rose. "I am sorry to ask you painful questions, Mademoiselle. One more only—and that, I must confess, is to satisfy personal curiosity."

"Yes?"

"Are you engaged to Lieutenant d'Armand?"

"According to custom I would be engaged to you, Monsieur, since I am forced to wed you," she said sarcastically.

He left her then, and the next time she saw him was on the following day, when he came to tell her that Andre d'Armand and Renie had escaped!

It was astounding! By some miraculous means they had managed to free themselves while all the village was attending a Council to determine whether or not Niatha was entitled to have the French girl as his wife.

Ordinarily, marriages among the Iroquois were very simply arranged by the mothers of the two interested parties. The husband-to-be would bring a gift to his beloved's house, and if it were accepted and returned, she became his wife. But Niatha's mother was dead.

Hence the Council, and the French soldiers' daring escape. Most unbelievable of all, two of the horses belonging to the Iroquois were missing.

As Niatha told Claudette of the escape, she thought ruefully that her prayers had been answered—but too late. Already the Council had decided that she was Niatha's property. Even should her compatriots find her, she was doomed now. She would be that which she had dreaded to become—an Indian's squaw.

"You must be very happy, Mademoiselle," Niatha was looking at her anxiously.

Her eyes were almost indifferent as they met his. "It is too late," she said dully.

"Too late?" he asked, perplexed.

"You know what I mean," she said angrily.

She was terror stricken, when they were alone in the cabin that night. She lay upon her bed of soft blankets and skins, waiting in fear for her husband to come to her—but he paid her no attention at all. Unable to believe it, she lay awake all night—but he slept peacefully on the other side of the cabin, seemingly unaware of her presence.

The next morning he went on a hunting trip with several other braves, and he was gone for most of the following week. The evening he returned, he came immediately to their hut.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "we will go for a walk. There is something I would like to show you."

She walked silently by his side until they had left the village behind them, and were strolling along a path cut through the forest. It was dark, the stars clear cut and bright against the slowly darkening sky.

"Mademoiselle," Niatha said at last, "you see, over there in the east—that small cluster of stars that looks like a dipper?"

She nodded, idly.

"There is an Iroquois legend about them," he went on. "The Legend of the Pleiades. You see, the Indians believe that the sun and the moon existed before the creation of the world, but the stars are mortals, or favored animals and birds."

She looked at him sideways. Surely he wasn't trying to convert her to the Iroquois religion!

"There were several little boys," Niatha went on slowly, "who used to bring their corn and beans to a little mound and feast. After their feast, the sweetest of the singers would sit on the mound and sing for his mates while they danced around him." He looked down at her, "Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"Well, one night they decided to have a more sumptuous feast, but their parents refused to give them more than the ordinary corn and beans so they met for a feastless dance. As they danced, their heads and hearts grew lighter as they whirled around the mound until, suddenly, all of them flew off into the air. They were whirled higher and higher until they took their place in the sky where, as the Pleiades, they are dancing still." He paused, "Perhaps that is the way with all of us, Mademoiselle. We become stars, and we go on—"

She turned to him, "Niatha—what is it that you have to tell me?"

"We met another party while we were hunting, Mademoiselle. They had captured a searching party from one of the

French forts. They now know who you are—and that your father—"

"Oh," she burst into sobs, "I tried so hard to get there when he sent for me."

She buried her face in her hands, and Niatha gently patted her hair as she wept. "You must not cry any longer," he told her finally. "There are other things you must think of—immediately."

"Andre?" she asked, fear stricken.

"No. Both the French soldiers reached a fort, and there are scouting parties out searching for you. It is one of those parties that were captured by the Indians we met today—but I am quite sure no harm will come to them. The important thing is that there was a Council held in the village this afternoon. They have decided that it is entirely too dangerous to keep you here, now that they know who you are. It means instant death."

Claudette was appalled to find that she no longer wanted to die.

She said, "You have been very good to me. I want you to know that in spite of all I've said, I appreciate it."

His eyes twinkled. "Mademoiselle," he said reproachfully, "are you inferring that you would rather be my wife than die?"

"I—" she began furiously.

"Wait. Surely you don't think that I'm going to let you be killed without lifting my hand to save you! They won't be ready to begin to torture you until tomorrow—"

"Begin?"

"Yes. The Iroquois kill slowly, you know. Fortunately we haven't moved into the Long House—so tonight, when everyone is asleep, you and I will sneak out of the hut and escape. Already I have the horses where no one will find them. I will take you, if we can make it, to Fort Carillon where you will be safe."

"And you?" she had asked the question before she realized it. "They would kill you at Fort Carillon!"

"It will not matter much what becomes of me."

True to his word, they stole forth into the darkness that night. Silently they made their way through the woods, until they reached the place where he had hidden the horses. Then, with incredible rapidity,

they were in the saddle and riding east on the trail.

Daylight came, and they stopped to breakfast. Niatha had brought food and blankets in a pack, and she was amazed to think how he had managed it all.

Talking as they ate, she asked him more about d'Armand and Renie, and the success of their trip. As he answered her questions, that which she had suspected became confirmed. Niatha had been the one to arrange the escape of the soldiers.

"I thought it might help you," he finally confessed. "Your capture would raise quite a furor, and I knew that the French could find you. It would be only the matter of the ride to our village. It seems, however, that I harmed rather than helped you. The Iroquois would have left you alone as my wife. However, if we reach Fort Carillon—"

She shuddered, for she dreaded to think of what would happen to him if they reached Fort Carillon. She hated to have anyone suffer on her account, even if he were an Indian. As they rode along during the day, she glanced at him often. He was so good-looking, so civilized and well spoken. There were many things she would like to find out about him. When they camped that night, she finally found courage to ask him about himself.

"What does your name mean?" she inquired innocently.

He smiled at her. "It's an Indian name for White Man, and it also means skilled and wise. Now tell me how very inappropriate you think it is."

"But I don't," she protested. "I think you are both skillful and wise." White Man! "How is it that you speak such good French?" she went on.

"That would be a very long story," he evaded.

"I'd like to hear it. If we're going to rest here we have plenty of time."

He looked at the ground, fingered a stick nervously and said he'd prefer not to talk about himself.

Claudette had the persuasive charm of all pretty women, however. In the end, she broke down his reluctance.

"I'm not entirely Iroquois," he began. "I'm half English. Is that enough?"

She stared at him. "I should say not! Please go on."

He told her, then, that his father had been English, his mother, Iroquois. After their marriage, they had gone to the Massachusetts colony to live, and he was born there. They lived there until his father died, when his mother, penniless, returned to her tribal village.

"She died four years ago," he finished. "There was nothing else for me to do, so I stayed on at the village. It was well enough until you came along, Mademoiselle Claudette."

"And how did I interfere?"

He looked at her directly. "By making me realize that the Iroquois are rather primitive."

She realized, as they rode along the next morning, that their journey to Fort Carillon was half over. A couple of days more and she would be safe within the walls of a French fort.

"We're halfway there," she told Niatha breathlessly. "What are you going to do when you arrive at Carillon?"

"I'll leave you a short distance before we get there. You will be perfectly safe—and you know what it would mean if an Iroquois should put his foot within a French fort."

Claudette looked at Niatha. "If they should find you," she whispered, "it would mean death."

"I know that. I knew it when I left the village with you."

"Niatha—you would die for me?"

"Certainly."

She looked at him strangely. "And yet you've never tried to take advantage of the fact that I'm married to you!"

"Of course not," he was angry. "I know that an Indian marriage means nothing to you. It's against your religion, your nationality." His tone softened, "I meant to tell you this before we parted—now is as good a time as any to let you know. Please consider yourself absolutely free. Marry Lieutenant d'Armand with an easy conscience. My only wish is for your happiness."

"I don't know why you should do this for me," she said. "I don't want you to die."

"That is very generous of you, Mademoiselle, but I would rather have the French kill me a thousand times than have you put to torture by the Iroquois."

She was watching him intently. Suddenly she sat up straight. "The English are your ally. Can't you get to them?"

"I'm going to try," he said soberly. "If I succeed, I shall go off to the Virginia Colony, perhaps, and try to start anew."

"But if you could get to an English fort," she persisted. "You'd be perfectly safe. Can't you go to an English fort?"

"I'll try, perhaps. Now you must try to sleep. You won't be fit to ride tomorrow if you don't."

As they went along the next day, her mind was filled with racing thoughts. She couldn't bear to have him die for her. He was so young, he had so much to live for.

If only something would happen! Some way in which he could be safe at Carillon. Important as her father had been in New France, she herself was powerless.

He told her, when they chose their camping place the next night, that it would be only a few hours ride in the morning to Carillon.

"So the journey is almost over, Mademoiselle. You must indeed be happy."

She smiled at him in a rather sickly manner and thought that she was anything but happy.

"Niatha," she said, as they ate their supper, "promise me you will try to reach an English fort."

"Indeed, I promise you, Mademoiselle."
"I—I would like it if you would let me know of your success."

He looked at her, astonished. "You mean you would like to hear from me?"

"Yes. You could write me when you reached the Virginia Colony, could you not?"

"Why, yes, but . . ."

She idly twirled the fringe that adorned the buckskin dress they had given her at the village. "In Carillon, I suppose I will be able to borrow a dress from one of the officers' wives. Niatha, what will you do in the Virginia Colony?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I'll raise tobacco," he smiled.

"Some time, I would like to see you again."

"If ever England wins the war with France that has been going on for so long I shall come back, if I'm alive, and pay you a call," he said laughingly.

But to Claudette, there was little to laugh about. She told herself that it was only because she wanted to see no one die on her account, and she was reluctant to go on, the following morning.

She listened to the hoofbeats of the horses that were taking her to Carillon and safety, and thought she should indeed be overjoyed, but instead her heart was like a lump of lead within her.

Suddenly Niatha stopped, dismounted and lifted her down from the saddle. "Mademoiselle," he said quietly, "I'm going to leave you here. Carillon lies just beyond, and you will be safe." He hesitated, "Would you permit me just one last token?"

She nodded unhappily.

He took her in his arms, and she clung to him, both of them forgetful of the French, the Indians, the dangers that lurked on every side . . .

"Claudette," he said huskily as he let her go, "It's au revoir. Good-bye, my dearest. God bless you—and take my love with you."

She watched him mount, watched him ride away . . .

"Wait!" she called. "Niatha!"

He stopped, came back to her. "Claudette?"

"Oh, my darling," she was sobbing, "I can't let you go. Niatha, I love you—love you. Take me with you."

He held her in his arms, his eyes joyously fixed on the horizon. "Look to the north, Claudette," he cried. "Look, my dearest, look!"

Unable to believe her eyes, Claudette stared at the British flag in the distance, its bright, friendly colors fluttering triumphantly in the breeze.

Had she known, then, that the French had been defeated by an advance attack of the British on the thirty-first of July, it would have made little difference to her. For, as she raised her eyes to Niatha's, there was only one thing in the world that mattered:

Fort Carillon had become the English fort, Ticonderoga!

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Capt. Agrippa Wells: Muster Roll in Col. Samuel Williams.
Regiment of Minute Men who marched from Greenfield on the Alarm April 4th 1775

<i>Mens Names</i>	<i>Rank</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Pay for</i>	<i>Traveling</i>	<i>Total Sum of</i>
			<i>Service</i>	<i>Expenses</i>	<i>Marching Expenses</i>
Agrippa Wells Capt	10	May 6	2.2.8.2		2.2.8.2
Charles Miller Lieut	10	6	1.8.8.2		1.8.8.2
Oliver Mearns Serj	10	6	0.7.1.2		0.7.1.2
Agajah Kingsley	10	6	0.7.1.0		0.7.1.0
John Cook	10	6	0.7.1.0		0.7.1.0
Joseph Allen	10	6	0.15.8.2		0.15.8.2
John Wells	10	6	0.15.8.2		0.15.8.2
Oliver Holt	10	6	0.15.8.2		0.15.8.2
Samuel Turner	10	6	0.15.8.2		0.15.8.2
Sam Southwick	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
John Cannabell	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Samuel Bayard	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Orchard Taylor	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
John Cook	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
John Russell	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Samuel Nash	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Oliver Hastings	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Nathanial Brown	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Frederick Denon	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
John Buffe	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Reuben Mather	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Samuel Chapin	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Thomas Hunt	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
David Davis	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
William Chandler	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Stephen Cook	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Samuel Nichols	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Sam Dean	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
John Devere	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Levius Perry	10	6	0.14.2.0		0.14.2.0
Joseph Sade Serjt	10	May 6	113 2.17.4.0	0.15.10.0	2.16.4.0
Isaac Chapman Serjt	10	6	113 1.5.7.2	0.15.10.0	2.4.5.2
Aril Hinesall Serjt	10	6	113 1.8.5.0	0.17.6.0	2.0.11.0
Calab Chapman	10	6	113 2.18.8.0	0.15.10.0	3.14.0.0
William Kingsland	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.15.10.0	2.0.3.0
Samuel Hastings	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.15.10.0	2.0.3.0
Samuel Cannabell	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.15.10.0	2.0.3.0
Stephen Mather	10	6	113 2.2.10.0	0.17.6.0	3.0.4.0
Henry Cook Chapin	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.15.10.0	2.0.3.0
John R. Holden	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.17.6.0	1.18.0.0
Amos Smith	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.17.6.0	1.18.0.0
Isaac Nash	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.17.6.0	1.18.0.0
Samuel Allen	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.17.6.0	1.18.0.0
David Nichols	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.15.10.0	2.0.3.0
Stephen Kears	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.17.6.0	1.18.0.0
Samuel Deane	10	6	113 1.8.6.0	0.15.10.0	2.7.2.0
Samuel Wells	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.15.10.0	2.0.3.0
Samuel Rice	10	6	113 1.1.5.0	0.17.6.0	1.18.0.0
Thos. F. Smith	10	6	113 0.15.5.0	0.15.10.0	0.15.5.0
John Devereaux	10	6	113 0.15.5.0	0.15.10.0	1.17.3.0
Moses Jones	10	6	113 1.6.6.0	0.17.6.0	1.17.6.0

Severance of Shelburne

Part V—Whig or Tory

FLORENCE STEVENS CUMMINGS

(Continued from October issue)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS:

MARTIN SEVERANCE grows up on the frontier of northwestern Massachusetts during the French and Indian wars of the first half of the 18th century. He is a scout along the line of forts extending from the Connecticut River at Fort Dummer to the Hudson valley.

He marries his childhood playmate, Patience Fairfield, and brings her to Fort Dummer where their children are born—Elisha, Catherine, Experience, Martin, Jr., and Abigail.

During the campaign on "The Lakes" (Lake George and Lake Champlain) Martin joins Rogers' Rangers, and in 1758 is taken captive by the Indians together with Agrippa Wells and two other men. They are prisoners in France until the end of the war and are then taken to England where Martin meets again the Earl of Shelburne whom he knew in the "Old French War".

Martin is soon sent home and is reunited with his wife and children in Deerfield. A daughter, born during his absence, has been named Submit.

For the first time the frontier is safe and peaceful. Everyone is sure there will never be any more wars. Each man can settle where he pleases and bring up his family in security.

Martin buys a tract of land near the falls of the Deerfield River in what is called Deerfield Northwest and takes his family there. Many others, including Agrippa Wells, settle near him and, when the settlement is incorporated as a town, Martin suggests that it be named Shelburne in honor of the Earl of Shelburne, the friend of the colonies, whom many of them knew when he was a young man in the British army.

The little town of Shelburne prospers, but disturbing news comes from "The Bay" (Boston). The Stamp Act, the Port Bill, the Boston Tea Party are discussed day after day. A company of "Minute Men" is formed. Martin and the other men of Shelburne feel that they must make active resistance to these unjust laws, but they are confident that England will soon see the justice of their demands and adjust matters satisfactorily.

CHAPTER XXVI

JUST at sunset on the evening of April 19, 1775, pounding hooves were heard on the road from Deerfield. Patience, rushing to the door saw Othniel Taylor gallop up and rest his foam-covered horse beside

the spring near the grist mill. Othniel, as grey with dust as the workers in the mill, leaned his head against his horse's mane, but did not dismount as Peter Dodge, the bound boy, dipped a bucket into the spring and placed it before the panting horse.

Without lifting his head, Taylor began to talk to the men who were just closing the mill for the night. He appeared exhausted and Patience could see that his words were creating intense excitement.

Submit and Selah, who were sitting on the step before the cabin twisting hemp into twine for a fish net, ran down to join the group of listening men. Taylor stayed but a minute, then, pressing his heels into his horse's lathered sides, dashed away.

The men at the mill also sprang on their horses and galloped off, leaving bags of newly ground meal lying uncared for on the ground.

Submit came running back up the slope to the cabin ahead of Selah whose legs were so much shorter.

"Mother!" she cried. "Something terrible has happened! Gage has fired upon the people! There's been fighting in Lexington! Oh, where is father!"

"Your father and Martie started after dinner to take a load of lumber out to The Patten. They won't be home for several days. What shall we do?"

"There's nothing we can do, I guess. They have Dolly and the oxen, so we've no way to overtake them."

"Tell me all that Oth Taylor said," demanded her mother.

They sank down together on the rough stone that formed a step before the cabin. Little Selah panted up to throw himself at their feet and the other children came running down from the mountainside, where they had been hunting for may-

flowers, and clung to their mother as Submit continued—

"Mr. Taylor said he was returning from Boston and was spending the night at a tavern near Worcester. Early this morning a messenger galloped up to the tavern shouting, "To arms! Now is the time! Concord the place! They're fighting Gage at Concord! Minute Men to the rescue!"

"Mr. Taylor said he jumped on his horse, his big white one you know, Mother, and galloped as hard as he could for home. He didn't stop to rest or eat until he got into Deerfield's street. There his horse fell dead. He'd come over a hundred miles without stopping except to tell the news in every town he passed through. Then someone in Deerfield loaned him another horse and he came on up here as fast as he could. He aims to get home now in time to help Captain Avery gather up the Charlemont Minute Men in time to start at daybreak tomorrow."

"Why, they can't be ready to start as soon as that!" exclaimed Patience.*

When Martin returned home two days later with Martie and Sam, he found to his chagrin that most of the Minute Men from the Shelburne hills were far on their way to the scene of action at the Bay.

"They have enlisted for only ten days," Major Wells told him. He had also been away from home and so had missed the first alarm. "Colonel Field sent back word to me that enough have gone at present. It would be unwise for every man to go. Some definite plan will be made before the week is over."

"Have many men gone?"

"Almost full companies in every case. Greenfield and Deerfield got the news in time to get almost to Springfield on the evening of the 19th. Captain Grip, that hotheaded cousin of mine, started off the minute the alarm came. He had to send back for his wife to send him a blanket for he had just snatched up his gun and marched off in the clothes he stood in."

Only vague rumors floated back and Major Wells, having received no orders to

come, still advised the men remaining in Shelburne to hold themselves as a reserve.

"No one knows what will happen," he said. "We must wait."

In midst of this uncertainty, an officer in buff and blue with gold lace and shining epaulettes, suddenly galloped along the trail by the Deerfield River, attended only by a negro servant. The men at the mill stared in hostile amazement and Martin's children ran to their own doorstep.

Rather amused at the awe he inspired, the stranger, stopping to water his horse at the spring, explained curtly, "I am Captain Benedict Arnold, sent on a mission toward the north by the Continental Congress."

Instantly the bystanders, who had been uncertain whether the uniform was that of a friend or foe, leaped to serve him. Jonathan Wood, after begging him in vain to tarry at his house for dinner, drew for him and his servant mugs of his best cider and brought them out in his own hands.

"He's going to lead an expedition to take Fort Ticonderoga! That's my guess," said Aaron Wood, as they watched the captain and this servant disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Wise move," commented Martin, "there must be great stores of ammunition and guns at old Ti. Congress is certainly foresighted!"

"The Green Mountain Boys planned long ago to take Old Ti, if England ever came to open fighting," declared John Taylor, "I saw Ethan Allen last winter up at Arms Tavern and he told me then."

"The Green Mountain Boys are mighty independent," mused John Wilson. "They may not like this captain or any other outsider being sent to lead them."

This was true. Before Arnold reached Ti, Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys had seized the stronghold and they extended only cold courtesy to the brilliantly uniformed stranger.

Some of the supplies taken at Ticonderoga were to be shipped to the army at Boston, so Martin and Martie were sent with an ox cart up the perilous trail over Hoosac Mountain to Bennington, where much of the ammunition had been deposited. It was a dangerous feat getting the ox cart of powder and guns back over Hoosac, "Forbidden Hoosac" as the In-

* But they did! The records in Boston's archives show that on the morning of the 20th, only one day after the fight at Lexington and Concord, the Minute Men of northwestern Massachusetts were on their way to Boston.

dians had called it. In many places the path over the precipitous crags were barely wide enough for the cart and the patient oxen strained and panted in the slow progress.

"By cracky, Dad! I'm glad that's over," gasped Martie, when they finally surmounted the last peril—the crossing of Cold River, which was still high and rushing with swift current over its bed of loose stones. "I expected all the time we was a-fording that stream that we'd lugged those tarnel guns over Hoosac only to spill 'em end over end here into Cold River."

"We've still got to get 'em to the Bay," laughed his father shortly. He was as relieved as his son at coming that far safely.

At Shelburne, more supplies for the soldiers—food, blankets and clothing—were piled high on the cart and two pairs of fresh oxen secured for the continuance of the journey. Martin and Martie still walked beside the oxen. From Deerfield they followed the Connecticut River down through fertile meadows to West Springfield where there was a ferry to carry them over to the east bank to Springfield, which was beginning to assume size and importance.

Martie gazed about in wonder and admiration as the ferry moved slowly across the river. The width of the stream took his breath away. The river seemed to grow wider and wider as they came to the center of it. And the town they were approaching was different from any the boy had ever seen. The rows of little houses, most of them painted a brilliant red, were reflected in the water so that the town seemed to be twice its real size.

"Is Boston any bigger than this, Dad?" he asked breathlessly.

Martin looked at the approaching line of crimson buildings without any of his son's admiration.

"Boston's nothing like this," he told his son. "Taint so cluttered up. Has more dignity, somehow. I don't know what there is about Boston, but you can't help liking it, leastways I do, and heavens knows I don't like cities. But there's something about Boston—"

Many other carts returning brought them news of the army. Gradually other carts joined them until, when they drove into

Cambridge the last of May, they were part of a long supply train.

The colonial militias, 16,000 strong, had come from all the towns, big and small, of New England and closing in around Boston had encamped there, determined to starve out the British and drive them aboard His Majesty's ships in the harbor. Each regiment camped by itself and existed on the food and supplies sent from home. None of them had tents, but had devised for themselves shelter as best they could. Some had built huts of boards; some, of sail-cloth; some, partly of one and partly of the other; some had made shelters of stones and turf, old bricks and brush; some were carefully made; others, thrown together haphazardly. One encampment had shelters of willow withes woven together like inverted baskets. Naturally few of the men had uniforms. Most of them wore their farm clothes or hunting shirts, which were now torn and faded.

Martin and his son found the Shelburne men in Colonel Asa Whitcomb's regiment camping in Cambridge. Captain Agrippa Wells came hurrying up to them.

"Thank God you're here, Mart!" he cried. "Food is getting mighty low and you can see how ragged the men are."

He looked thin and his usually red, hearty face was pale and drawn.

"What is it, Grip? What is the matter?" asked Martin in a low tone. "Anything wrong with the army?"

"No. Army's all right now we're getting food and more blankets, but there's been a lot o' rain and damp weather lately. Lots er men sick."

His face twitched. Martin waited for him to continue. After a second he regained his composure and said in a low voice, "Noah Wells died a few hours ago."

"Not David Wells' son, Noah!" exclaimed Martin.

"Noah!" cried young Martie, coming up in time to catch only the name. "Where is he? I want to see him right away!" Captain Grip turned and went into his hut.

"You can't see Noah," Martin told his son gently. "He's dead. He died of fever."

Young Martin looked at him in horror. "Noah!" he gasped. "Why Noah—why, he's only a boy like me, Dad!"

"That's true, Son; he's not much older



THE SOUTH WALL AT FORT TICONDEROGA

than you. His mother and father are going to feel this mighty bad."

"This isn't what I thought soldiering would be like," thought Martie, as he stood with bowed head a few hours later while Noah Wells' body was borne by. Captain Grip had tried to give his unfortunate cousin all regimental honors and, if the soldiers in homespun were a motley company, their sincere grief and reverence as they stood in line made up for their untidy appearance. The rude coffin was carried on a small cannon caisson and a hastily made flag, a coiled rattlesnake on a white ground, placed over it.

Martie could not keep the thought of Noah out of his mind. Refusing supper, he walked about the streets, not seeing any of the people he passed.

Suddenly the boy wanted his father desperately. Entirely oblivious of the amused men about him, he stopped his hurried pace, turned and retraced his steps at a

dog trot. Before he had gone far, he came upon Martin. Without a word they walked along side by side, but, just before they reached Captain Wells' encampment, Martin checked his swinging stride and faced his son.

"I know how you feel, Martie. I was with Matt Clesson when he died out at Lake George a good many years ago and for days I tried to study out what this life is all about. I don't know yet, son, any more than I did then. But I do think there's more to it than anyone has found out yet. I've heard parsons preach, but none of 'em ever moved me like the rolling hills in the distance as you stand on a mountain top, or the roar of the falls at high water. Keep close to God's great mountains, son. Woods and sky like those around our home are a powerful help when there are things you can't understand."

The next day Captain Grip had a long talk with them. Although harassed by

daily worries about food and necessities for his men, he never doubted the outcome of the colonies' revolt.

"More men are coming in every day. England will know now that we are in earnest. It won't be long before they'll listen to our side of the story. Tell the folks at home to keep us supplied with food and not to worry about us."

When the Martins returned home they took Jared Taylor with them on the ox cart. He had not been able to regain his strength after a severe attack of fever. In their pockets were many letters for families at home. All three were glad when they finally reached Springfield and saw the broad Connecticut River stretching before them. As they urged the oxen down to the ferry, a well dressed man with hat drawn closely over his eyes passed them on horseback.

Martin, looking up as he rode rapidly by, cried out in surprise, but the ferryman was ready to start and was waiting impatiently for them, so it took all Martin's attention to guide the protesting and clumsy oxen on board.

Then, as the bank began to slip away behind them, Martin looked about for the horseman and saw him standing with bent head in the front of the ferry, staring into the water slipping by.

As Martin came up to him, he reached for his hand with a hearty grasp, but said quickly in a whisper, "Don't call me by name. I want to see you, but not here. I'll follow you after we land."

Mystified, Martin went back to his oxen. The rider, holding the reins of his horse's bridle in the crook of his arm, stood looking down the river with his back toward the others on the ferry. As soon as they reached the western bank, the few passengers scattered and Martin, after getting the oxen, started safely up the road toward home, leaned against a nearby tree and began unlacing the leather thongs of his left moccasin.

"Drive on, Martie," he told his son, "Guess I got a stone in my pac. Keep on. I'll catch up."

Without looking up, he could see that the well dressed figure was riding up to him. There was no one in sight at present, for Martie and the cart had rounded the

curve among the thickly growing willows.

"So you recognized me?" asked the man, dismounting beside him.

"I certainly did, Captain Stark!" cried Martin, springing to his feet and saluting.

"Well, well, don't let on. Let's sit down here on the bank. No one 'round these parts must know who I am until I know just how things stand."

"Is John with ye?" asked Martin, for it was William Stark whom he had recognized at first glance.

"No," said Captain William Stark, slowly, "No. Fact is John and I don't think alike much these days. Fact is—I might as well tell you, Severance, first as last—I'm on my way to New York to sign up with the British. A number of men from these parts are going down with me. Have over twenty here in West Springfield awaiting for me now. Don't you want to come, Severance?"

"Captain Stark!" cried Martin springing to his feet.

"Keep cool, keep cool! You can see yourself that nothing good for the colonies will ever come of this. They may hold out for a year, or even a little longer, but you must admit it's all hopeless. You know the Colonial militia—why it's just a mob of ragamuffins! England has everything—trained men, well equipped army, plenty of money, unlimited arms and cannon."

Martin looked at his old friend in anguish, but could not speak.

"Now in this company I'm raising," William Stark went on, "a man'll be better equipped than soldiers in America have ever been before. There'll be just easy fighting for a short time. England promises a grant of land to every man that'll come, besides equal pay with the King's troops."

Martin's mind flew back to the English soldiers he had known and admired in the French wars. He wasn't tempted, but no soldiers could help being moved at the idea of belonging to a well trained, well equipped army.

"I know you'll be reasonable, Severance, and see the foolishness of this rebellion which a lot of farmers are starting," went on William Stark's silky voice. "My company will be right alongside the British regulars. New troops are coming from

England all the time. There are already several Canadian companies and the British have also hired up several hundred Indians——"

"What!" interrupted Martin. "Indians?"

"Exactly," replied Stark. "Britain hasn't overlooked a trick. They've got all the St. Lawrence tribes that amount to anything as fighters——"

"Stop!" shouted Martin, his usually serene face livid with fury. "Don't you dare ask me to join up with an army that uses northern Indians! Pesky, snaky varmints! Are you as low as that?"

William Stark's smile faded and his eyes grew chilly.

"I pick a winning side when I fight," he stated brusquely.

"Not this time," cried Martin, "If the English have sunk so low as to hire Indian tribes, every man in these colonies will rise up agin them. And we'll fight to the finish—'til the last man drops—let me tell you that, 'Colonel' Stark!"

And without a glance at his former friend, Martin strode on to overtake his son, his face such a storm cloud of fury that Martie dared not speak to him.

Shelburne sorrowed for young Noah Wells and for Job Porter, another Shelburne boy who died on the night before the Battle of Bunker Hill. Women with husbands and sons at the siege of Boston lay wide-eyed during the long hours of the night, imagining the dangers and hardships of the poorly equipped army.

But in the midst of worry, the story of the Battle of Bunker Hill as it was brought back to them, bit by bit, filled every breast with pride. The ridiculed army of farmers had met the British regulars; they had stood their ground and had mowed down with a deadly barrage the ranks of redcoats advancing toward them.

"If only our powder hadn't agiven out," chuckled every one grimly, "our men would of driven 'em plumb into the bay and made 'em swim to their ships!"

"Hugh Maxwell didn't run, even when his powder give out!" Every bystander at the taverns told the story over and over again. "He jest calmly picked up his coat and sauntered away easy like, as if he wasn't afear'd er nobody, much less the

British army. He's a captain now. Great man, Captain Maxwell."

In Deerfield the Tories raged. Parson Ashley, the next Sabbath morning, preached that the souls of those colonials killed at Bunker Hill would go to hell. When he returned later to conduct the afternoon service, he found a furious crowd blocking the doorway, muttering and glaring at him.

"This is most unseemly," he told them in his most dignified manner. "Most unseemly for you to thus rebuke an elder."

"An elder!" shouted Sam Hinsdale, and the crowd murmured its approval, "An elder! If you had not said you was an elder, I should have thought you was a poison sumac!"

There was no service that afternoon.

Then came the report that Congress had formally declared war and had sent General Washington of Virginia to take command of the army. Major David Wells, who was representing Shelburne at the General Assembly in Watertown, July 19th, gave all his listeners when he came home so vivid a description of events that all could see the tall blue-eyed Virginian and knew every detail of his dress, from his cocked hat on his powdered hair to his silver shoe buckles, and all felt a personal trust and faith in his ability and wisdom.

Congress now voted six hundred pounds for the much needed gunpowder for this army, which was now for the first time called the Continental Army. Major Wells also brought back the news that King George had hired Hessian soldiers to fight against the colonies.

"Hessians! What be they?" cried the farmers on the Shelburne hills.

No one seemed to know, exactly; there were vague rumors as to their gigantic size, their superhuman skill as fighters, but the only absolutely definite fact about them was that they were of a different nationality, spoke a different language and were hired by the king as mercenaries. Every one declared that this was the worst thing King George had done yet.

For the first time, all hope of a peaceful settlement of difficulties by compromise departed and people began to talk freely and openly of declaring the colonies independent of England.

*From an engraving by F. T. Stuart*

THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1776

CHAPTER XXVII

The year 1775 closed in gloom and apprehension for the colonists. Boston was still in siege and the expedition sent against Canada failed. Among many others, Lieutenant Poole of Shelburne died of smallpox at St. Terrace. There were stories of hideous suffering and privation, rumors of mismanagement and greed among the Colonial officers. Consequently many of the militiamen of western New England declared that they would from now on defend their own territory, but would not go one step beyond.

For lack of men the harvest was scant that fall and, what was worse, the housewives discovered that salt, an absolute necessity for curing meat for winter use, was not to be obtained now that trade with Boston was cut off. Major Wells, among his many other activities, succeeded in getting in a roundabout way from the West Indies four hogsheads of table salt and seven large casks of rock salt which the Shelburne farmers obtained by bartering wheat. Carting the salt and the wheat was a lengthy transaction.

In the spring came the news of the evacuation of Boston and intense relief and joy filled the hearts of all New Englanders. Washington moved his army to New Jersey. The colonists knew now that they had gone too far to turn back; only determined rebellion could succeed. In June a request was sent by the General Court to all towns of the province asking them to express an opinion regarding separation from England.

Shelburne's town meeting of March 4, 1776, was the last to be called in His Majesty's name and on June 26 the town voted "that this town will stand by the Honorable Continental Congress with their lives and fortunes if their Honors think it expedient to declare us independent of the kingdom of Great Britain, for the safety of our rights and privileges."

The news of the Declaration of Independence was greeted in Shelburne with excited and shouting gatherings and huge bonfires. Even a few salutes were fired in spite of the scanty supply of powder. When a copy of the Declaration was brought to the Committee of Safety, every

man, woman and child gathered at the Meeting House to hear it read.

But this was followed by news of defeats and sufferings. A call came that blankets were badly needed for the army and these blankets had to be made in the farmhouses where wives and daughters sheared the sheep, washed the wool, carded and spun it into threads, dyed the hanks of wool with homemade dyes before the final weaving could be done.

It was while everyone feared that Washington's meager army, retreating through New Jersey, would be wiped out and no one dared to think of what might happen then that one of the Taylor boys, coming back with the mail from Deerfield, sped over the crusted snow as fast as his snowshoes could carry him, spreading the news from cabin to cabin—

"Washington has crossed the Delaware! He's back in Trenton! He took a thousand Hessian prisoners. He fought Cornwallis at Princeton and drove him back toward New York!"

New life, new courage came to the hearts of the patriots. But they knew that there was still a long fight before them, for with the news of Washington's victory came the report that the British were about to start a campaign to gain control of the Hudson and thus cut off New England from the rest of the colonies. Troops were gathering in Canada, the patriots were told, under command of General Burgoyne with the intention of coming down Lake Champlain to join General Howe who was at New York. All eyes turned on Fort Ticonderoga as the spot at which to mass troops to halt Burgoyne.

Washington ordered General Heath, who was in Massachusetts, to see that Massachusetts obtained its quota of fifteen regiments as soon as possible and to send them at once to Ticonderoga. General David Field was too old now to take out the Fifth Hampshire regiment as usual, so Colonel David Wells of Shelburne was advanced to his place.

Two battalions from northwestern Massachusetts had gone to Fort Ticonderoga for two months in April. Shelburne, at a town meeting on April 28, voted to give eighteen pounds to every man who would enlist in the Continental Army for three

years until the quota for the town was filled; six pounds to be paid at passing muster and six pounds annually until the whole was paid, allowing Mr. Stephen Kellog for his negro man Charles, as much as the others.

In May the Fifth Hampshire regiment assembled at Deerfield and on the 10th marched over the old Indian trail on Hoo-sac Mountain toward Lake George and Lake Champlain.

Martie, Sam and other boys, who were still too young to join the regiment, gathered at the sawmill to watch the soldiers go by and shouted and yelled themselves hoarse as familiar faces came into view.

Patience Severance, standing in her cabin doorway, held Baby Patty high up in her arms to wave at the soldiers marching by.

"Watch for Daddy, Baby," she whispered. "Baby, watch for Daddy."

Sophie, Sally and little Selah picked up sticks for guns and, when Captain Lawrence Kemp's Company came in sight, they stepped up beside their father, keeping step with Eli Skinner's fife until, breathless, they were obliged to stop and rest on a tuft of new grass beside the path.

Martin, marching along beside his son-in-law, David Hosley, waved his new cocked hat high above his head to his wife and she, waving back, wondered if he wished he had on his old coonskin cap instead. She wondered, too, if he was glad to go to war again, or if he would like to stay in his cabin between the hills.

Martin knew every hill and stone around "Old Ti" and he rejoiced now in its well conditioned, well fortified appearance. He had never seen it so formidable. It bristled defiance at every angle. Mt. Independence, a high circular hill on the east side of the lake, was considered an important point of defense. At its foot were strongly intrenched works, well mounted with cannon. The French general, de Fermois, who was in charge of the French allies, was posted here.

It was a constantly recurring surprise to Martin to see the French here as allies of the colonists. The first time he heard the General's aide conversing in their half French, half English jargon, he stopped and stared in surprise.

At a town meeting legally warned and held at the meeting
 House in Shelburne June the 26th 1776
 First Voted Cap^t John Wells Moderator to govern the meeting
 and Voted that this Town will stand by the Honourable
 Continental Congress with their Lives and fortunes if their
 Honours think it Expedient to Declare us Independent
 from the Kingdom of Great Britain for the Safety of our Rights
 and Privileges
 Voted to Abolish James Giff. Kaler in Cap^t Lawrence Kemp
 Ratebill
 John Wells Moderator

FROM THE TOWN RECORDS OF SHELBURNE

"Bon jour, mon ami——" one of them began.

But, as usual, Martin shook his head and murmured an excuse for not understanding. He might be forced to accept these Frenchmen as allies, but no one of them would ever find him admitting that he understood a word of their lingo.

At once the incoming regiment was put to work digging trenches for the fort laid out on the plateau on top of Mt. Independence.

"Is this the way a fellow fights?" muttered Hazael Ransom, as he wiped away the sweat which was making rivulets through the grime on his face.

Martin also stopped for a breathing spell. He was fifty-nine years old now and, for the first time in his life, the heat and dust tired him, but he replied grimly, "How do you suppose a fort is made? Think it just grows?"

Martin was soon taken from his work of ditch digging. Captain Kemp, when ordered to pick out the men whom he knew had seen service in the French Wars to scout about to find out the movements of the enemy, named Martin, who knew this region as well as he did his Shelburne hills, and he was soon proceeding up the lake to get what information he could concerning the movements of the British.

On June 18th Martin and his party took a lone British spy, Amesbury by name, whom they at once brought back to General Schuyler. From Amesbury it was learned that General Burgoyne had arrived

at Quebec to attack the colonies according to the plan formed by the King, Lord George Germain and General Burgoyne in England the preceding year.

The Continentals knew that Fort Ti would soon be attacked. General Schuyler considered his force sufficient, but the work of fortifying did not advance as fast as he wished. Soon, however, General Schuyler obtained from Fort George and along the banks of the Hudson provisions for sixty days, more carpenters and oxen.

The common soldiers raged at being kept within the fort and were eager to drive the Indians from Three Mile Point where they were camping. As more of the enemy and their boats came into view, the men's spirits rose. Full of confidence, they bet on the day and hour of the attack, so eager were they for battle.

It was a magnificent array which was coming slowly down the long narrow lake against them; with sound of drum and trumpet the troops advanced along the banks on each side and now and then the thunder of the cannon from the ships between them on the lake broke the usual silence of the wilderness. In a day and a night the British troops cut a road up through the rocks and trees and in darkness hauled their cannon from tree to tree. On the morning of July 5th the garrison at Ti saw with astonishment and consternation redcoats at work on the summit of Sugar Hill, constructing works which would soon have Ticonderoga at their mercy.

General St. Clair called a council of war

and his generals, realizing that when the British in this new position opened fire Ticonderoga would be completely helpless, unanimously voted to evacuate and retreat to Skenesborough at the southern extremity of the lake thirty miles away where there was a stockade fort.

Their plan was for the main body of the army, led by General St. Clair, to cross to Mt. Independence and go to Skenesborough by a circuitous route through woods on the east side of Lake Champlain. The cannon, stores and provisions, together with the wounded and the women, were to be placed upon the 200 large bateaux and be conducted to the southern extremity of the lake by Colonel Long, with 600 men, 200 of whom in armed galleys were to form the rear guard. Martin was assigned to the latter group and found himself one of the rowers in an armed galley to guard the bateaux.

The disappointed and bewildered men could hardly grasp what had happened. As in a nightmare, they obeyed orders to keep firing and do nothing to betray their intended departure to the British. But as soon as night fell they began in all haste to load the boats and spike the guns which could not be taken. Silently in the darkness the boats pulled away and departed undiscovered, keeping under the shadow of the mountains and overhanging forests.

The moon came out through soft fleecy clouds and the heavily loaded bateaux moved slowly along the beautiful "South River." In a glow of brilliant moonlight, the first boats reached Skenesborough about three in the morning. As they were taking the wounded from the boats, guns were heard near at hand. The firing was from a British gunboat attacking the galleys in the rear.

Martin had been dozing, curled up in the stern of one of the galleys. Almost at once his boat was blown to pieces and he was plunged into the water. Scrambling ashore, he saw that the British boats were landing troops and Indians. Amid the wild confusion, he waded up the stream along the shore under the cover of the trees and caught up with a bateau carrying several wounded men. The exhausted rowers welcomed him gladly and he piloted the small craft up Wood Creek.

Behind them they could hear the noise of the fighting and see the flames of the burning fort and mill at Skenesborough. By daybreak all reached Fort Anne, twelve miles away, where they found General Schuyler with reinforcements. There the Colonials waited in gloomy apprehension for news of St. Clair. Days passed, but no word came from him. Finally on the 12th the remnant of his army, completely exhausted, reached Fort Edward. Their retreat had been far more disastrous than the retreat by water.

Spirits were crushed by this great loss of artillery, ammunition, stores and men. Albany was in a panic. The barriers of the north were now broken down and there was nothing to prevent the enemy from a triumphant march along the Hudson to New York. The British became fully confident of speedily finishing the struggle.

Most of the militia of western Massachusetts returned home as best they could. Martin, in company with other Shelburne and Deerfield men, came over Hoosac Mountain, tired, dusty and hungry. At Taylor's Tavern in Charlemont they met a hearty welcome.

"Come right in, boys, and set. You're not the first that has come through here this week plumb petered out. Young Othniel shot a bear cub last Saturday week and we 'lowed the meat wouldn't keep this weather, so Ma she made it all up into one grand stew and it's hung on the hob ever since, jest ready for all you fellows acoming home this way."

With dried clothes and stomachs full of food, the men again took up their journey. Before nightfall Martin was within sound of the Falls and could see ahead of him his own cabin under the cool green side of Mt. Massamet. Never had it looked so satisfying to him!

"It's Father!" shrieked the children, as they rushed upon him. "We've been looking for you all day long! Lots of soldiers have been coming back through here. All yesterday and day before. They say Indians are coming down here! And Hessians! What be Hessians, Father?"

"Your Father is tired. He'll tell you all about it tomorrow," said Patience, after one glance at her husband's tense, drawn

face. "Run get him some cool water from the spring."

"Me not 'fraid of Indians, now Daddy's home. Daddy'll take care of us," cried Baby Patty, as she brought back from the spring her own little pewter mug full of the clear, cold water, humming to herself all the time, "Daddy's home, Daddy's home."

Every minute Patience could spare had been spent at her loom, making the blankets so badly needed for the army, but this evening she came out to sit beside her husband as he lay prone under the maple trees before the cabin. Silently they watched the blazing sun sink behind the opposite hill and the glowing flames of sunset flare across the sky.

"Patty," said Martin slowly, as the darkness began to settle gradually about them. "It's so good to be home. Whatever comes, we've had a life full of good things, haven't we? Do you like it here among the hills as well as I do, Patty? I've often wondered if you are making believe or if you are really happy here."

Patience looked in surprise into Martin's seriously searching eyes. It was unlike him to speak so deeply.

"I really love it here, Martin," she told him, greatly moved. "It's the finest place for a home I've ever seen. Whatever comes, we've had this much together."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Young Martin had gone to Greenfield to get the mail and it was long past time for him to return. At last the listening family heard the clatter of hoofs.

"I'd know old Dolly's step if I heard her in China!" said Patience, hurrying to push the pot of cornmeal porridge nearer the fire and at the same time placing a bowl and spoon at the end of the table nearest the hearth.

Martin's face was white and tense as he came through the door.

"What's the matter?" cried Submit, dropping her knitting and running up to him with Sophie and Sally at her heels.

"Are you hurt?" demanded his mother.

The boy shook his head.

"Get away, children. Go back to your tasks. Martin, get him some rum," Patty exclaimed, and, putting her arms around her son, she guided him to the big chair by the hearth.

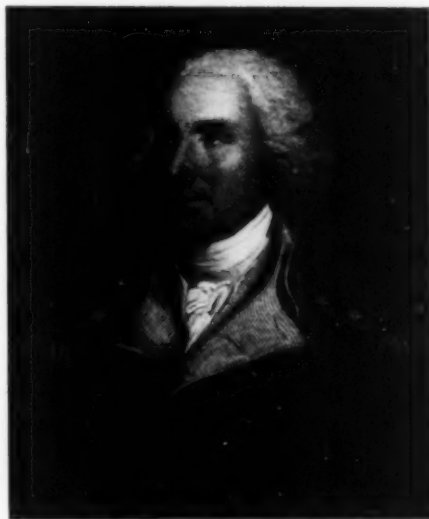
His father poured a nip of rum into a pewter mug; his mother speedily added as much again of water and held it to his lips. The

boy sipped a little and then started to speak.

"No. Finish the rum," his mother told him. "Get hold of yourself. Then tell us what has happened."

The liquor brought back the color to the lad's cheeks and, after a minute, looking up into the circle of anxious faces about him, he began—

"It's something I heard. I did your errands, Father. Got good price for the rye. Came on to Uncle Jonathan's house for dinner. 'Fore we got through, we heard a drum roll back at the Square in Greenfield. Sounded so important, we all went. When we got there, a big crowd was astanding 'round listening to a man in front of Corse's Tavern. As soon as I came up, it seemed as if he was talking right at me.



From a painting by J. Trumbull

MAJOR GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER

He was that kind of a speaker. Seemed like everything he said he was a aiming right at you."

He looked up at his father and his eyes grew large and luminous.

"Go on! What did he say?" cried his sisters.

The boy turned to them one after another as they hovered about him; the look of horror deepened in his dark grey eyes.

"He told us about Jane McCrea," he went on in a low voice, which he tried to make steady. "She was a girl visiting up above Albany. A young girl like you, Submit. She was engaged to a lieutenant in Burgoyne's army. When her brother heard that the British had taken Ti, he begged her to come to him in Albany, but she thought because she was staying with a woman who was a Tory and because she herself was engaged to a British officer that she'd be safe. So she waited for the British to come."

His voice sank lower.

"When Burgoyne advanced south from Ti, he sent his Indians ahead——"

"Indians!" cried his mother.

"He has three thousand Indians with him," stated the boy in a dull voice.

"Yes. We know that. You don't need to tell me what happened," said Martin grimly.

"This girl, Jane McCrea, was alone with the widow woman on her farm. The Indians rushed in, took everything they wanted, set fire to the house. The girl, thinking it would mean safety for her, told them who she was and asked them to take her to Burgoyne's camp.

The Indians thought there would be a lot of ransom money for them, so they got to fighting over her. And then—then—they killed her and scalped her. She had long, black hair to her knees. This man told us how they did it! Oh, Mother, Mother!" the lad's voice rose to a scream and he buried his face on his mother's shoulder as she knelt beside his chair. "Mother! I can just see it as he told it. He said, 'You men with sisters and sweethearts, listen to me! They'll twist their hands into their hair that way! They'll tear off your mother's scalp like that! Unless you stop them before they get to your homes.'"

His sobs choked him for a minute.

"Mother! I've got to go! Every man

who can lug a gun has got to go out there and fight Burgoyne!"

The story of Jane McCrea aroused the whole countryside to fury. Men who had been undecided, or had felt that they must be loyal to England, now declared themselves ready to join the Colonials and fight against an army which, in using savages, lowered themselves to the level of savages. Whole armies sprang up at the sound of her story in the region between Lake George and the Connecticut River.

August came and still no news. Men stood ready, but knew not where to gather. General Schuyler was reported to be raising soldiers and ammunition for defending a stronghold at Stillwater on the Hudson somewhere above Albany. Burgoyne had come down to the east shore of the Hudson opposite Saratoga and no one knew what he might do next. In New Hampshire Grants (Vermont), General Lincoln was gathering military stores at Bennington and General John Stark had joined him with a body of New Hampshire militia.

On the afternoon of August 15, Lieutenant Tertius Taylor dashed up to Martin's cabin where he and his boys, forced indoors by a heavy rain, were mending tools.

"Time has come, neighbor Severance!" shouted Taylor. "British troops are on the way to Bennington. We start at once!"

Martin and his sons dropped their tools on the floor. Patience hastily crammed into their already packed knapsacks all the cooked food she had on hand and brought out their leather coats as protection against the pouring rain. Hasty goodbys, and they were off! Her three men walking in long, rhythmic strides along the muddy trail toward Charlemont. All the rest of the day other soldiers hurried by, splashed and muddy, their forms indistinct in the mist and rain.

A halt of a few minutes was called for the men to look to their feet and readjust their packs. Suddenly Martin sprang alert, his scouting ears tingling with a familiar sound.

"Listen, men!" he cried. "There's firing!"

Faintly, far away, they could barely hear it, but ears pressed to the ground could distinctly catch the vibrations of cannon. Gradually the noise grew clearer, a steady

barrage of guns, like distant roll of drums.

Forming line in an instant, they were on their way.

"Steady, men, not too fast. We've ten miles yet to go. Save your strength. We must not be exhausted when we get there."

Mile after mile, and they seemed to get no nearer. The sun blazed down on their backs and their sodden coats steamed and dried. They passed a farm where an elderly patriot and his wife thrust hastily made hoe-cakes into their hands as they went by. Mechanically they ate, but were unaware of hunger or thirst. The noise of the guns in their ears blotted out every other sense. They were passing farms where terrified women and children sobbed in each other's arms; there was no one who could tell them how the battle was going.

At last they came into the streets of Bennington to find a Colonial army delirious with joy. Piles of British guns and Hessian broadswords had been collected; ammunition and artillery were heaped everywhere. Groups of prisoners were being led to the meeting house on the Common.

"The Injins run at our first attack," a Vermonter told Martin. "When we started to attack Baum's camp, he thought we was royalists acoming to jine him, but the Injins knew us at once, you bet! 'The woods are full of Yankees!' they shouted and, yelling like demons and ajingling cow bells, they tried to retreat, but our boys had surrounded the camp. We killed a dern good lot of the varmints."

"Never was there a general like General Stark!" declared the Vermont militia. "When we came in sight of the British this morning, he shouted, 'Now, my men! There are the redcoats! Before night they

must be ours or Molly Stark will sleep alone!' and he dashed at them like a mad-man."

Stark's soldiers were now coming back into camp—gloriously victorious, covered with grime of gunpowder, laden with spoils. Seth Warner's troops had just arrived from the north and the newcomers from Shelburne mingled with them, eating and drinking as they rested. Everyone was in high

spirits. Only the women were sad, as they passed by to tend the wounded who were being brought into the schoolhouse beside the church.

Into the midst of this hilarious celebration of victory galloped a messenger on horseback.

"To arms! Reinforcements are coming up to the British! They're coming back!"

Dropping their packs, the Fifth Hampshire lined up at Colonel

Wells' command and Seth Warner's men moved beside them. Out they went to meet the oncoming British, giving Stark time to collect his scattered men.

It was about four in the afternoon. The British reinforcements under Breyman had made a forced march through the rain. Now, exhausted, Breyman's troops were met first by their comrades who had escaped and from them heard their story of loss and disaster. They advanced toward the Colonials who had begun an attack from tree to tree in the frontier manner which the British and Dutch dreaded. The heavy guns, which Breyman's men had dragged so laboriously through the mud, could not be moved quickly enough and most of these were deserted. At sundown the British took a stand at Van Schaick's mill. Soon their ammunition gave out. There was nothing for them to do but beat a hasty retreat, leaving two field pieces and all their



GENERAL BURGOYNE

From an old print

baggage. But General Stark did not dare pursue them in the darkness.

"Another hour of daylight," he cried, "and I should have captured the whole body of them!"

All night long the men from neighboring towns came pouring into Bennington, too late for the fighting, but not too late to taste the glory of victory and gaze with curiosity at the captured Hessians and the British redcoats.

The praise heaped upon John Stark surprised and annoyed him.

"I merely did what any other man would have done under similar circumstances," he protested gruffly.

CHAPTER XXIX

Burgoyne, badly in need of food supplies, had begun to grasp the situation. There was much more to these yokels than he had realized. He had disregarded the small force opposing him, underestimating both its size and its courage. But now he reported, "Wherever the King's forces point, there the militia of the country assembled in twenty-four hours. They bring with them their sustenance and, the alarm over, they return to their farms. The Hampshire Grant, in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race of the continent and hangs like a gathering storm upon my left."

Patience and the children soon learned of the victory at Bennington. Returning men brought messages to her from Martin and her boys and told her all the details of the battle. No large number of men was engaged at Bennington, but the battle was one of the most effective and far-reaching in its consequences of all the battles of the

Revolution, for it showed the Yankee farmers that they could conquer the British regulars and the dreaded Hessians.

A few days later, the Severance children saw going by their door one hundred and fifty of the captured Hessians being taken to Northampton to work in the fields until they could be exchanged.

The children who had run shrieking to their mother, "Hessians! Mother! The

soldiers are bringing Hessians," now stood with her in the doorway and looked at them. Their terror turned to surprise.

"Why, Mother," exclaimed little Sally, "they're just men like Father and Martie," and Patience, looking into the bewildered eyes of the big blond-headed boys, felt her fear turn to pity.

Later Patience, like everyone else along the Deerfield River, learned that when the soldiers had halted the Hessians at Taylor's Tavern in Charlemont for dinner, several of them had

hidden until the main body had been several hours on its way and that the Taylors had kept them there at the tavern. The Taylors needed help badly on the tavern farm and these men had had no personal interest in the fight. Soon everyone became accustomed to seeing the tall, fair strangers who were so eager to be permitted to stay. They remained on the Taylor farm and became fine American citizens.

But Burgoyne was still on the Hudson River, intending to force his way to Howe at New York. Washington sent appeals to all the towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut, urging them to send every man they could muster to Stillwater. Shelburne and all the other little towns of northwestern Massachusetts responded splendidly



John Stark



THIS PICTURE APPEARS ON THE STATIONERY WHICH THE MOLLY STARK CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., IS SELLING BOTH FOR PUBLICITY AND FOR REVENUE. THE HOMESTEAD IS THE CHAPTER HOUSE

and the Fifth Hampshire regiment, which had enlisted for only a short time, came home for a few days and then marched out again with increased numbers. A gallant regiment, the Fifth Hampshire, and a brave one, but never an impressive one, except perhaps to those whose very lives centered about the men and boys who made it.

The women of Shelburne watched their men march away, smiling and waving as long as they were in sight; then, without waiting to wipe the tears from their cheeks, they rushed back to their work, for upon them and their children now depended the harvest. Every minute of daylight they worked, reaping and thrashing oats, barley and wheat, preparing fruit for winter use, storing vegetables and, late into the night, by the light of a tallow dip, weaving blankets or knitting socks for the army.

From Albany came frequent reports. All the Shelburne men were in the battle of Bemis Heights where, led by Benedict Arnold, they repulsed Burgoyne. After this the Continentals were held in camp, long,

tedious days for farmers accustomed to action. The militias finally threatened to go home and General Benedict Arnold shared their impatience, but General Gates continued to wait.

Finally on October 7th Burgoyne started to break through, but at Arnold's furious attack was forced to retreat. Arnold, following, gained a part of his camp and seized many prisoners and pieces of artillery. Next day in a drenching rain Burgoyne retreated, abandoning more stores. At evening on the 9th he reached Saratoga. In the rain the Americans closed in and cut off his retreat to Fort Edward. All the Indians had deserted him by now, as had most of the Canadians and royalists. Provisions had all but given out. As Burgoyne sat with his generals to consider surrender, a cannonball from the American lines swept across the table around which they sat. Negotiations were opened and surrender signed the 17th.

Proudly the Colonials stood in ranks to watch the surrender. Awed and silent,

they saw the well uniformed regulars and the grandly dressed officers pass between their ranks and they wondered how they had ever conquered men so much better drilled and equipped than they themselves.

It was with great surprise that they saw in the procession with the officers a large carriage in which rode the Baroness de Riedesel, wife of the commander of the Hessian troops, and her small daughters. The carriage stopped for a minute near Martin and, as one of the children dropped a hat over the side of the coach, Martin stepped forward with a smile to pick it up. He wished he could speak to the little German girl, but the Baroness in her fine clothes awed him in spite of her kind face.

Martin looked thoughtfully after the carriage as it passed on with the children, for to him that morning had come the news that all was not well in the Shelburne hills. He and the other men had just learned that several weeks before this their regiment surgeon, Dr. Long, had been permitted to return home because of the need for his services in Shelburne where a fearful epidemic was raging. The reason for his departure had not been told to the soldiers for fear it would impair their morale, but now it had leaked out and Martin, standing at his post, was full of fears and forebodings. He knew that he had many hours of tramping before he could reach his home even after he was discharged.

But he was to start, he found, almost at once. In order that the prisoners might be more easily fed along the way, they were sent in several divisions. Martin was assigned as guide to the party sent to Lansingburg and thence over Hoosac Mountain to Northampton. It was a harrowing march, for the prisoners were unused to walking over such rough and hilly country. Many were troubled by the high altitude and could not go far without resting. Martin begged permission from his captain to go ahead to his home.

"I live only a few miles beyond here. I promise you I will be back to start on at daybreak. The storm is almost over and the snow not deep here in the valley."

One of the Taylor boys, hearing him, offered him a horse, and then he was allowed to go.

His wife, her face haggard and pale, opened the door at his call and, wrapping a blanket about her shoulders, held the lantern while he rubbed down and blanketed the horse. Back in the cabin they closed the door. He put his arms about her and in a flash she was sobbing on his shoulder. Over her bent head, he tried to see the children in their beds, but the light was too dim. He could not see whether they were all there as usual or not. He held her close.

"You've been sick?"

"Yes," she sobbed, "we've all been sick."

"And now—now—you're well?"

"All well—except—"

He waited and his heart stood still.

Then his wife murmured, "Patty. Our baby Patty."

It was a sorrowful story she had to tell him as they sat together by the hearth. A mysterious sickness had come upon the town. A fever which attacked suddenly the strongest and most hardy. Nearly everyone became sick as the disease spread and most of the victims, tired with overwork and worry, had been very, very ill.

Dr. Long had come home from the army and had done what he could, but in two months seventy people had died in Shelburne out of a population of less than six hundred. There had been no one to care for the sick or bury the dead. Life had become a hideous nightmare.

"Thank God, you're home, Martin. I just can't go on without you any more. I've never been so tired as I am now. I thought God had forgotten all about us."

CHAPTER XXX

Martin Severance did not go out with the army again. The frightful trip through the blizzard over Hoosac left a chill in his bones which twisted and tormented his joints all that winter.

It was bitter humiliation to him to sit easing his aching back in the heat of the fireplace while his wife and Submit chopped wood, brought in the heavy logs for the fire, carried pails of milk and water and did all the heavy work of the farm.

"Seem's if we'd better send for either Martie or Sam to come home," he would

complain. "I can't bear it to see you do all the heavy lugging."

Patience always shook her head. "I don't mind. I feel easier when I'm working hard."

Martin would catch her hand and press it as she passed, for he often heard her sobbing in the night and knew that the loss of Baby Patty was still more than she could bear.

Colonel David Wells brought Martin a copy of Paine's "Common Sense", a pamphlet which had been showered upon the colonies that year and which did much to crystallize the thoughts already taking form in the minds of the free-thinking public.

"Who is this here Paine?" demanded Watson Freeman. "He seems to be pretty free with what he has to say."

"I know he does write freely," admitted Martin, "but these ideas are interesting. You don't have to swallow 'em whole, but they do set you at thinking."

"Humph," said Freeman, glaring at the little book. "Better send it over to your brother in Montague."

Martin moved irritably, then almost groaned aloud at the pain that shot through his hip.

"Moses don't believe in fighting," he snapped.

"He's a Tory," retorted Freeman.

"He got so fed up with fighting in the French Wars that he swore he'd never fight again."

But Freeman only shook his head to show that he was not to be fooled.

Martin went over all this in his mind as he sat by the fire, keeping motionless so as not to bring on a twinge of pain. He felt old and tired. Although in his heart he agreed with the stirring words of Paine, still his mind could understand the feelings of another who did not want to fight, who wanted only peace and quiet.

In midwinter Sam and young Martin came home on furlough to stay until spring, ragged, half starved, disheartened. They reported that Washington's army was starving and freezing in wretched barracks at Valley Forge, while Howe and the British danced and feasted in Philadelphia.

Two hearty boys to feed made heavy inroads on the scanty supply of food, for the harvest of the previous summer had been

the smallest they had ever had. But with the warm sunshine of spring came new life, new courage to the weary hearts at the Falls. Gradually Martin's rheumatic limbs improved so that, in the joy of being able to move without torture, he suddenly felt years younger and made no protest at all when Martie and Sam reenlisted and went to Fishkill (West Point) for nine months. With new zest he set about the spring plowing, happy to be able to work without pain.

Patience wondered if Martin hated this life of dull routine of farm work after the life of action he had always led. She noticed that his eyes often looked puzzled and that he seldom spoke unless he had picked up some bit of news that had filtered back from the battlefields in New Jersey.

A stranger rode up the trail that summer. Although he approached in a slow, indifferent way, his horse showed signs of having been ridden hard, for his sides were wet and lathered.

At the sawmill he asked for the nearest tavern.

"The nearest is up the road a piece—Taylor's," Jonathan Wood told him. "You can get good accommodations there or you can turn east and strike Reuben Nims's place at the Center."

"And what is the name of this place?" asked the stranger.

"It's called The Falls or The Salmon Falls usually. It's part of Shelburne, but there's little here except the mills and the falls in the Deerfield River."

"So this is the Deerfield River!" exclaimed the stranger as if in surprise. "I seem to have lost my way."

"Don't you know these parts?" asked one of the workmen.

"I've never been in this region before," replied the horseman quickly. "I'm from Connecticut. From New London. You say there are no families living here at all?" he continued turning to Wood.

"Only three besides my own. Yonder is Dan Rider's and beyond that, the Widow Poole's, and up on the slope toward that mountain, you can see Martin Severance's cabin."

The stranger followed his pointing finger with a gleam of interest in his eyes which he took pains to conceal by bending to fasten a buckle on his horse's bridle.

"I see a child carrying water from a spring up yonder," he said carelessly. "I'll stop there for a drink before I go on."

Jonathan Wood and the others stared after the tall figure. All strangers were objects of suspicion now and this man, although carelessly dressed in the shapeless, faded woollens of a farmer, carried himself like a soldier and his horse was far better than an ordinary farmer would ride.

"I'm sure I've seen him somewhere," declared an old veteran of the French Wars, "but I can't jest mind me where."

"Keep an eye on him while he's here at the Falls," Jonathan Wood told his bound boy, Peter Dodge. "He may be up to mischief."

Meanwhile the stranger had dismounted by the Severance's spring.

"Good day, my child," he said to little Mary Severance. "Do you think your father could give me a mug of ale or cider? I find there is no tavern here and I am very thirsty."

Martin, who had already observed the stranger, was coming through the cornfield toward them.

After the little girl had been sent into the house for the cider, the stranger, having tied his horse, came closer and in quite a different tone asked, "How are you, Martin?"

"Who are you?" cried Martin in surprise.

The stranger threw back his head with a deep hearty laugh and, pulling off his shabby, wide brimmed hat, ran his fingers through his thick crop of soft black hair slightly streaked with gray.

Martin had seen that gesture a hundred times!

"Major Rogers!" and his hand started to salute, but the man caught it and shook it vigorously.

"Quiet, friend! Just as well not to let anyone know who I am for the present. I've come to you on important business."

"Sit down, Major!" exclaimed Martin, as Mary brought the jug and mugs. "Sit here in the shade or would you rather go inside my cabin?"

"Here under the tree. But pull the bench around where we can't be seen by the men at the mill. Is anyone in your home besides your wife and children?"

"No."

"Good. Time is limited, so I'll come right to the point. They tell me you've been in the Hampshire regiment, you and your sons, since the war started."

"Yes. Off and on. We were at Bennington and Stillwater. My two older boys are down the Hudson now."

"Things are not going so good down there."

"So I hear. I'm afeared it's going to be a longer struggle than we thought at first."

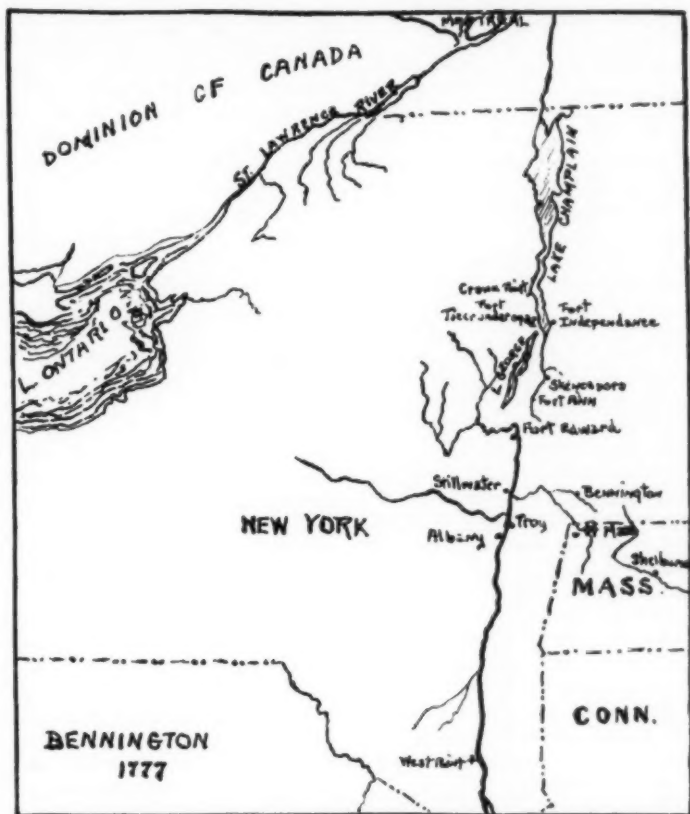
"Not only a long, but a hopeless one, Severance. Now don't fly up. Just look at this thing from all sides. England has endless resources, men, money, ships to bring them over; and what have the colonies? Just an army of farmers who fight for a few days and then run home to tend their crops. You are all wearing yourselves out trying to raise enough to keep the army in the field and your family fed another year. Working your hardest, you can't get half you aim for. Everyone you know is at the end of his resources. If you should fall sick—" the Major shrugged his shoulders and snapped his fingers.

The gesture nettled still more the already angry Martin. It was so "foreign-like", he thought.

"And how much are you paid when you go out to fight and how often? And how much are these bits of paper scrip worth when you get them?" Major Rogers went on talking rapidly. "Now I can offer you a captain's commission; sure pay—"

"Do you think—" cried Martin, starting up.

"Keep cool, keep cool!" Major Rogers sipped his cider and then leaned forward on the bench. "Let me tell you my experience. At the outbreak of the revolution, I was living in England, but all my sympathies were with the colonies. I rushed over here as soon as I could. When Washington was put in command of the Continental Army, I hurried to offer him all I had. And did he appreciate any of it? No! He put me off one way and another. So I went over to Howe and the British.



They received me with open arms. Gave me more than I dreamed of asking. I've a major's commission and I'm to raise my own company, The Queen's Rangers. It will be the crack regiment of the whole British army! Every man I'll choose personally. I can assure my rangers good pay, uniforms, equipment, best of rations, everything of the finest!"

He paused, drained his mug of cider and placed it on the ground beside the jug.

"What do you say, Martin?" he asked quietly.

Martin merely stared at him.

"You must see you're playing a losing game," went on Major Rogers impatiently. "You're crazy to even hesitate."

"Perhaps I'm crazy," shouted Martin,

coming out of his daze and beginning to talk rapidly, "but you tell Howe and his officers that there are hundreds more just as crazy as I be. You can't buy me, Robert Rogers. Not with all the money in the British army! You! You!" His rage choked him for a moment.

Then with an effort he got control of himself and said quietly, "Because of our former friendship, Rogers, I'll say good day. Probably we won't meet again, leastways, I hope not. In which direction did you say you were going?"

"To Albany," said Rogers gruffly, as he untied his horse.

"Follow the river west. It's not an easy trail, but you'll be over the worst before sundown."

CHAPTER XXXI

The winter of 1779-1780 was unusually severe. Deep snow covered the ground from December to April. In January it snowed heavily for seven successive days. Sheep and cows were buried and frozen in the drifts in their own barnyards and many men perished. The river was a solid block of ice.

"I've never seen it so thick!" declared Martin, "but it's often like this north of here, folks who live in Canada tell me."

"It's cold south of us, too," replied one of the Wells boys, who had come over on snowshoes to bring Martin a letter which they had brought up from Deerfield for him the day before. "Mother heard from our relatives in Connecticut that Long Island Sound is all frozen over. No one ever heard of that happening before. They dragged some heavy artillery from New Haven right across to Port Jefferson on the ice. Think of that!"

To the people, exhausted by the extreme cold, came an early spring, hot and sultry. It was all very confusing. Everyone, tired in mind and body, was talking of what he ought to be doing on his farm, what Congress ought to be doing, what the army ought to do, but no one seemed to accomplish anything. Everything was in chaos; everyone tired and excited.

To the Severances came another hardship. Dolly, the faithful horse, died of old age and they had no money to replace her with another. There was only one old ox now to do the plowing and the heavy farm work; all their other livestock, chickens, pigs and sheep, were scrawny and poor.

But Shelburne raised unbelievable sums of money to pay its soldiers extra bounty, to buy its quota of beef for the army, while the women continued weaving and spinning from morning till bedtime to make blankets, socks and mittens for the fighting men.

Work, work, yet everything gradually slipping back and getting worse. With horror Martin found himself facing that most desperate situation for a New Englander—inability to pay his taxes. Food of some sort one could always secure, clothing could be obtained even if one had

to make leather from the pelts of wild beasts, but how could one get money if no one could buy produce? Always before beaver pelts and maple sugar had found a ready sale. In the fall there had always been a market for their surplus wheat and corn or, if there had not been any of these things to sell, Martin could cut the largest of his ash trees in the forest behind his cabin, for there had always been a demand for ash planks. Now the sawmill was silent most of the time. Jonathan Wood had bought the mill from Jacob Poole's widow after the lieutenant died of smallpox in Canada, but now he didn't bother to go down to the sawmill unless someone came and called him.

But Jonathan Wood's stones in the grist mill were busy a few hours every day. He was grinding meal for everyone, taking his pay in meal and giving this out among the families of the men who had worked for him and who were now with the army. All the able bodied men were with the army and, when a call came for more, out stepped boys of sixteen and seventeen, ready to march. Workers were needed on all the farms, but no one had money for wages for them, nor food to feed them.

Patience's cherished silver spoons, given her by the soldiers at Fort Dummer when she came there as a bride, had gone that spring to buy the necessary seeds and a cow. Now there was nothing left to sell.

The worry of it showed in Martin's face, deep lines appeared and the lower part of his cheeks sagged and drooped.

"Father looks like an old man," Sophie exclaimed one evening, as he came slowly toward the house with his rake over his bent shoulders.

"Hush," whispered her mother. Patience, too, had noticed how worn he looked and how thin and white his hair had grown. Tears came into her eyes as she saw him straighten his aching shoulders and come up to them as briskly as he could and with a brave imitation of his old smile on his lips.

A few days later, Colonel David Wells, home on furlough, rode by, stopped to talk for a minute with Martin and rode on. With a stride and smile, not forced this time, Martin dashed into his cabin, caught

his wife up in his arms and whirled her around like a boy, upsetting the beans which Sophie and Sally were sorting and causing them to gape with amazement at his antics.

"Good news, Patty. Wonderful news," he cried, pulling her down on his knees as he sank down on the settle. "Colonel David has arranged for the town to take payment for taxes in wheat or corn. He's found a buyer for it down New Haven way."

In spite of Patience's effort to laugh, the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"That's the best news I ever heard," she said in a choking voice.

"Six shillings a bushel, we're allowed. Sing it, children! Taxes paid in wheat!"

"Taxes paid in wheat!" laughed Sophie and Sally, as they picked up the scattered beans.

"Taxes paid in wheat!" sang Mary and little Selah, who had no idea what it was all about, but laughed and clapped, jumping about in everybody's way.

"Wheat for taxes" was a wonderful solution for the little town of Shelburne. Faces beamed with relief.

"We can manage fine, now," they all said. "Things are sure to be better next year."

Samuel went back to the army the last year of the war and was at Yorktown for the final scene of the great conflict. Young Martin never got farther south than West Point. He came home to remain in 1780, bringing the news of Benedict Arnold's treachery and a dramatic description of the hanging of André which he and Elisha Barnard had witnessed.

The baseness of Arnold was a crushing blow to Martin, who had fought under him and admired him more than any other commander he had ever known.

"I can't believe it. What is the world coming to?" he groaned, and he brooded over it in the long winter evenings. "What is the world coming to?"

(To be concluded)



Immortality

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

*He was a man who never chatted much
And seldom smiled. He'd say, "It looks like rain"—
Or else—"The grass is drying up again"—
"A thaw is setting in"—and other such
Brief homely things: about the sturdy Dutch—
Cattle he bred; about the grass and grain
Which grew upon his meadows, or the plain
Where sand had changed to verdure at his touch,
When all the ground was blanketed with snow,
The trees which he had planted glistened green,
Sturdy and straight they stood, row after row,
As steadfast as himself, and as serene.
And now I see him, smiling through his vines
And hear him speaking through his groves of pines.*

Extracts from the diary of Benjamin Wadleigh, who was born March 18, 1757, and died at Hanover, N. H., 1800. Northwood, N. H., his birth-place. (Contributed by Mrs. W. E. Freeman of Greeley, Colorado.)

“NORTHWOOD, N. H. May 10, 1777
—162 miles to Ty. This day I seat
out for tianturrogea (Ticonderoga) march
to Concord 20 miles—hhe 11 marcht to
new amsbrea (Almsbury) 10 miles the 12
marcht to pearistown (Perrytown) from
there to fisher's field at hoite town 12 miles
—the 13 marcht through survell (Saville)
to younity (Unity).

“May 20 arrived at Ty. June the 17 the
idnians came down to the french lines fired
on sum of our men—cild 5 tuck 3. the July
3 went to ty their I saw the enemy fleat
that was a grait day of rejoicing on the
occasion of good news from the South and
that was a day to retreat.

“Aug the 10 I being not weall and went
to the city to the hospital. Aug the 17
(1777) this day was a batel at bennington
& tuck and killed all told about 500—the
20 the indins came and cild 2 of the in-
habitants 10 miles below our army—the
25 I joined the rigment at Moyhoyck (Mo-
hawk) river. After this till the 7 of October
has sevrall small scormages and alarms and
when our army had got biger & thinking
ourselves abel to to stand—then gen gates
give burgine (Burgoyne) a chaneleg (Chal-
lenge) and on the 7 of october was as
hot a batel as ever was known in america
which was a grait means of the overthroe

of Burgine—the batel leasted from 2
o'clock till and tuck 12 field peases &
considerabel number of prisoners . . . the
8 the enemy Retreated with grait haste &
feir and loos. Retreated to Saratoga &
their our army overtuck them and by good
providence they surrendered. The whole of
them on the 17 the whole of burgineines
armey was obliged to surrender themselves
all prisoners of war which was grait joy
for america which the pore Hampshire men
fit and worck hard for. They gained a
grait Deal of honer but lightel profit.

“Nov the 14 marched for vealey (Valley)
forge msyself Being lame obliged me to
stay behind And I went to the bearacks.
The 17. I went to the hospital stayed their
till the 7 of feubeary (1778) then marched
to join the army in pelseveney (Penna.)
Nov, 1778 came orders for furlow. I got
one the 22. I seat out to go home the 3rd
of Jan 1779. I got home the 7 of March.
I seat out to go to join the army and
joined the 18.”

Following this he took part in the Indian
war in Pennsylvania and New York. He
had four children: Benjamin Wadleigh,
(1796); Martha, d. (1811) aged 43;
George, d. (10/17/1811) aged 13, and
Henry, d. (9/8/1825) in Chestertown,
Md., aged 32.



MASON LOCKE WEEMS

America's Superbookseller and Washington's First Biographer, Mason Locke Weems

SUSAN ROGERS MORTON

WHETHER Mason Locke Weems still lives in history as the eccentric cleric who gave up the ministry for the peddling of books or as the first biographer of George Washington, it is hard to tell. But that his last resting place is an obscure, unmarked grave—it being questionable which of the bits of fieldstone in the bramble-grown plot at the edge of the ever-encroaching woods was the final resting place of Parson Weems until a sworn affidavit was obtained from a witness at the interment with a plat indicating the exact spot—has now been made a certainty.

In an old copy of the *National Gazette* (Washington, D. C.) of Thursday morning, July 7, 1825, is found the following:

"In Beaufort, S. C., on the 23d of May last, after a long and painful indisposition, The Rev. Mason Locke Weems of Dumfries, Virginia, well known as the author of the

Life of Washington and other popular works which have passed through numerous editions and have a large circulation.

"He was a man of very considerable attainments as a scholar, a physician, and a Divine. His philanthropy and benevolence were unbounded.

"Early in life he liberated his patrimonial slaves for conscientious reasons, and commenced a career of incessant bodily toil to disseminate moral and religious books in various parts of the Country, and among the destitute.

"From Pa. to the frontiers of Ga. was the principal theatre of his indefatigable labors, and it is supposed on good authority that in the course of his life he has been instrumental in circulating nearly a million copies of the Scriptures and other notable works."

That he was a man of brilliance and



After a pen drawing by M. Louisa Stuart

BEL AIRE, PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VIRGINIA, IN 1889

lovable personality, there can be no doubt and many of his unorthodox teachings merely stamped him as a man who lived ahead of the times.

Within six miles of where the steady stream of traffic flows along U. S. 1, in the County of Prince William, in Virginia, the gracious old home, Bel Aire, hidden away far from the eye of the casual passer-by, seems to be dreaming of its historic past. In 1720 a member of the Ewell family who had settled some time before in Lancaster County, Virginia, moved to Dumfries—the town that later was to grow rich in the tobacco trade—and built this home on an elevation above the valley of the Neabsco.

The house has a double front, that is, one facing to the southeast and a duplicate entrance to the northeast, the brick and stone wall all the way from two feet to four in thickness, while the chimney at one end of the house is twenty-two feet wide, and one of the five fireplaces is large enough "to roast an ox". In what was once the garden there is still a large pear tree which family tradition says was given to Col. Jesse Ewell on one of his frequent

visits to Mount Vernon and there is also a patriarchal catalpa that is said to have been growing on the spacious lawn when returning troops from Yorktown were feted there.

In July, 1795, Parson Weems married Fanny Ewell, the daughter of Col. Jesse Ewell. She is said to have been one of the beauties of the countryside. For a while Parson Weems made his home in Dumfries and it was there he maintained a bookshop, the meeting place for the literati of the time and place, as well as the headquarters from which he started on his nomadic preaching and bookselling expeditions. Later he moved to Bel Aire and for many years that was the scene of his very happy home life and a fitting spot for his final rest from his travels.

Mason Locke Weems was brought from Scotland in 1755 by his uncle, Dr. William Locke, who had settled in Maryland. When he was fourteen he was sent first to Edinburgh, then to England to study medicine. This he soon found was not what he wanted for his life work and he turned to the study of theology. Since the American Church was at the time a part of the Eng-

lish Church, however, he could not be ordained in this country and, in order to be in England, it was necessary for him to take the oath of allegiance to the King, which he refused to do. Appealing to Benjamin Franklin, then American Representative at Paris, and also to John Adams at the Hague, he was finally ordained by the Bishop of Canterbury.

He was Rector for eight years in Ann Arundel County in Maryland, later coming to Virginia. Pohick Church, in the Parish of Truro, sometimes spoken of as Mount Vernon Church, was without a regular pastor for the last fifteen years of the eighteenth century and there Weems often preached.

While previous to that time he had sold books, the versatile parson gave up the ministry in or about 1800 to devote his entire time to the writing and sale of his and other books as agent for the well known firm of Mathew Carey in Philadelphia. He was to become probably America's first supersalesman, although he was ever wont to discourse on the morals of the day to the crowds in the ordinaries and at the Court House. For some years he preached the Court Sermon with which Court was always opened and he invariably gave his fee to someone in need.

With books in his saddlebags and a fiddle he made his far-flung journeys, enlivening the more serious business of book-selling with a gay tune. He is said to have

sold over three thousand copies of a very fine Bible that Mathew Carey published.

While Mason Locke Weems was the author of many books and pamphlets, in fact being a pioneer in books for boys, which were noticeably few at that time, he is perhaps better known for his *Life of Washington* than any other, although there were other *Lives*—those of Benjamin Franklin, General Marion and William Penn, for instance—which at the time of their publication found ready sale. But the *Life of Washington*, published very shortly after his death in 1799, is said to have run all the way from forty to seventy editions.

He was also the first to publish the story of the Cherry Tree, which there seems to be equally as much reason to believe as to doubt. Weems was the personal friend of Washington, his wife's family was related to him and he also visited at Mount Vernon with their mutual friend, Dr. Craik. Parson Weems afterwards explained that he drew many of his personal anecdotes from a close friend of the Washington family, who had known the general in his youth and who later visited the Weems at Bel Aire.

There can be no doubt that his books and pamphlets—written in the highly embellished language of the period, but never dull—did much toward influencing the minds of the common people.



A Wild Duck

CATHERINE LE MASTER ECKRICH

A wild duck's ways are never like man's ways:

*He has affinity for lakes where pines
Keep secret guard through immemorial days,*

A gift for prophecy and weather signs.

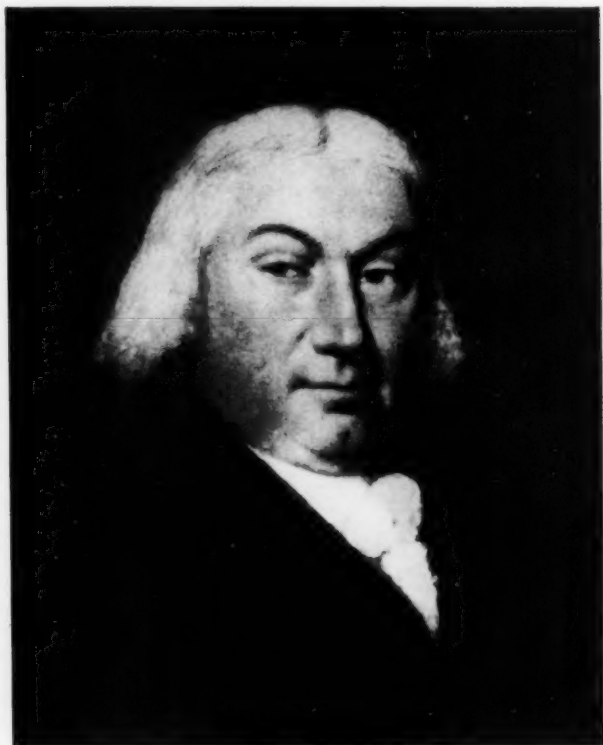
A wild duck's ways lead up through frosty lanes,

On brittle and foreboding autumn mornings;

*Piercing the dawn, he flees the icy plains,
Heeding with instinct sure, the season's warnings.*

*A wild duck's ways are never like the ways
Of man: His strong wings bear him on to find*

*Eternal summer to fulfill his days;
He keeps a tryst with nature and his kind.*



ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON

Around the Calendar With Famous Americans

III. Robert R. Livingston

LOUISE HARTLEY

Mrs. Wassell's third article in the series deals with the distinguished New York Chancellor who was born November 27, 1746

THE name of Robert R. Livingston is closely allied with the early development of the colonies. His greatest achievement was the clever negotiation and final purchase of the French Louisiana Territory for the sum of fifteen million dollars.

The newly formed American government needed land for expansion. The practical direction was "beyond the Mississippi River toward the west." As United States Min-

ister to the Court of France, Livingston first approached Napoleon Bonaparte in 1801 relative to the purchase of this vast area. Yet it was not until 1803 that he succeeded in securing a treaty, which provided that the French Government surrender to the United States that section west of the Mississippi River known as the Louisiana Territory.

The Emperor thought that this transac-

tion was a very strategic move. It is said that he remarked, "I have given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

When Livingston resigned his post as United States Minister to France in 1805, he was presented a gold snuff box which contained an exquisite miniature likeness of Napoleon as a token of friendship.

Robert Livingston then traveled extensively through Europe. He met and became associated with Robert Fulton, who was working to perfect the steamboat. Livingston financed and eventually became Fulton's partner. Their first steamboat, built in France and launched on the Seine River, was a failure on account of the heavy machinery. The third attempt, the "Clermont"—named for Livingston's summer home—was successfully launched in 1807, where it plied the Hudson River at five miles per hour. This so-called "Fulton's Folly" was the stepping stone to the magnificent steamboats afloat today.

Livingston's success in France and elsewhere was probably due to his early training. After graduation from King's College* in New York, he studied law, was admitted to the bar and eventually became the law partner of John Jay.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, in order to give his services to the cause of the Colonies, Livingston resigned his office as Recorder of New York, a commission held under the Crown of England. He was elected in April, 1775, to serve as a member of the assembly from Dutchess County, and following his election to Congress the following year, Livingston was placed on the committee to draw up a

* Now Columbia.

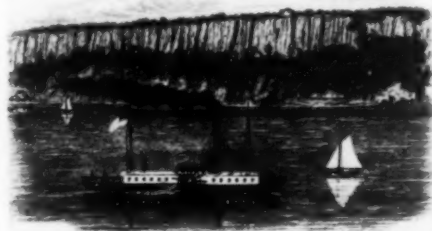
Declaration of Independence. He did not vote or sign the accepted document, however, since he was called away to attend the New York convention.

Appointed Chancellor of New York in 1777, Livingston held this position along with the performance of other duties until 1801. As Chancellor, it was his pleasant duty to administer the oath of office to General Washington as the first President of the United States. An appointment as Secretary of Foreign Affairs came in 1781, and he handled matters of state and foreign affairs so expeditiously and with such profit to the United States, that Congress gave him a gift and a letter of profound thanks at the expiration of his term.

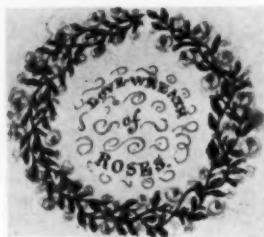
In 1794, Chancellor Livingston was offered two very attractive posts: Secretary of the Navy in Jefferson's Cabinet and United States Minister to France. He declined both of these offers at that time but accepted the latter in 1801 when it was offered again.

After an active life at home and abroad, Livingston retired to his beautiful New York estate to devote his time to the improvement of agriculture and the advancement of art. He introduced Marino sheep from Spain for experimentation and first used gypsum for fertilizing purposes.

Livingston was one of the founders and the first president of the Academy of Fine Arts, and contributed to art publications until his death in 1813. "Clermont," which had been the joy of Robert Livingston's last years, remained one of the show places of New York for many, many years. In this shrine he had placed books, paintings, statuary, silver and tapestries which he had collected while living abroad.



THE FIRST TRIP OF FULTON'S STEAMBOAT TO ALBANY
IN 1807



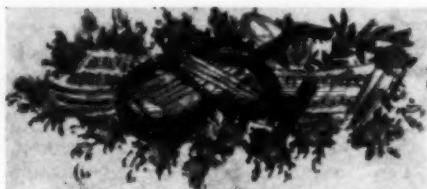
AN OLD AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

(Annabelle Endicott, 1810 -1827)

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

*This small book is a lovely thing,
As fragile as a moth's bright wing,
As delicate as silver thread
Spun by a spider. Ah, the dead
Have left fine trceries to tell
They loved the young girl, Annabelle!*

*The clear, undying flame of youth,
And something of the ageless truth
Of poetry . . . I turn each page,
Quite fearful lest through yellow age
They fall to ashes at my touch . . .
There is so much, so very much*



*The arduous swains with curlicues
And flourishes, and words profuse,
Insist that it will break their heart
If they are called upon to part
From Annabelle. And there still shines
Within these carefully penned lines*

*The dead have left behind. Each page
Bespeaks a leisurely lived age
With penmanship a practiced art.
I wish, I wish with all my heart
That modern pens behaved as well
As those addressing Annabelle!*



The Spirit of the Hand-made

XVII. Hair Books of the 40's

ANNETTE COWLING

I WONDER IF any of the readers of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE knows of the Autograph Album of the 40's. Somewhere, particularly perhaps in the State of Pennsylvania, there may be hidden in the dark recesses of an attic, or in a trunk of forgotten relics, a home-made paper book used by the young ladies of that day as an album for autographs of friends, relatives and sweethearts. There is a peculiar charm about these books, for, beside each autograph, or verse or sometimes an original poem, there was placed a miniature wreath made from a lock of hair belonging to the donor. Each lock was braided in three strands, four strands, or six strands, the latter being very intricate and lacy in appearance. The braid was formed into a circle and either fixed in that position by a clipping of paper at the place of the crossing, or, if the wreath was large enough, secured by a very small bow of ribbon.

If the donor was a sweetheart and wrote an effusion of sentiment, the wreath was placed on a single page and the writer skillfully adapted his lines to the space around it, thereby increasing the attractiveness of the setting. Sometimes a double wreath would be formed, the circles interlocking, and the names of the lovers written below. This could not be done, however, unless the young man was the fortunate possessor of curly locks, one of which could be deftly arranged and cosily linked to his sweetheart's braid. Even straight hair could be fastened to the wreath at top or bottom, making a visible bond for friends to see. This was done by my mother after fifty years of wedded life had passed.

There was much ingenuity shown in the arrangement of the wreaths on the pages. Here, for instance, was grandmother's silver hair vying in beauty with the auburn tresses of her grand-daughter, or the blond

hair of a daughter, brought out in contrast to the chestnut locks of her mother. Red hair was particularly beautiful when placed near the dark braid of a brunette. Babies' curls were more beautiful when left in their own natural loveliness. The arrangement of the hair and the verses or autographs showed a wide difference in artistic ability of the owner of the book. The penmanship must be seen to be appreciated. It is beyond description. Not the bold, dashing, careless chirography of today, written sometimes from a sense of haste, with racing letters ending in a fine trail of the pen, nor the meticulous precision of modern systems, but a labored tracing distinctively characteristic of the time. Here is an original verse from my mother's book.

Our hairs are numbered, Jesus saith,
And now our hairs are numbered less.
And if our hairs that ne'er were pained
Are by His watchful care sustained,
We need not fear or take alarm
For nothing ill can ever harm.

The book was made of folded sheets, unruled, about six by eight inches, sewed together by hand and bearing on the outside cover the name of the owner and under it, *Hair Book*.

Childish eagerness to see the lustrous hair so intricately woven, and a mother, ever willing to indulge, to explain or to braid a lock from our own heads to show how it was done, proved to be the last beautiful sight of the Hair Book. Pages became loosened then lost, and now, no matter how earnestly longed for as a souvenir of the past, the wonderful Hair Book is only a memory. If, somehow, from somewhere, there may be brought back from the relegated past some other Hair Book, and a sample reproduced of one its pages in our NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, I shall feel that I have added my bit to preserve the Spirit of the Hand-made.

Touring Virginia

Extracts from a diary kept by William Lynn when he and his wife, Ellen Taylor Lynn, went from Zanesville, Ohio, to visit relatives in Virginia in 1860, and incidentally to sample various "Springs."
Contributed by Mrs. H. D. Munson of Niagara Falls, New York

LEF T Zanesville July 9 1860 at 2 o'clock. Supper at Grafton at 9 o'clock—arrived at Harpers Ferry at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning. Took breakfast and dinner at one o'clock and left for Winchester.

At Harpers Ferry my wife and I walked through the Armory yard taking a glance at machinery and then crossed the Race water, that supplies the machinery on a plank, thence walked up the street a short distance beyond the last building on said street, the street runs parallel with the Winchester road. We then walked on the Bridge that crosses the Potomac, took a look at the Rocky river, the hills etc. then returned to the Hotel (Wagner House). I then called at the Winchester R. R. ticket office and purchased two tickets for Winchester—price \$1.75 each. Population of Harpers Ferry about 4 thousand. The Armory when in full operation gives in and out doors employment to about 400 persons, so I was informed by the ticket agent of the Winchester R. R. co.

One o'clock we left Harpers Ferry and arrived in Winchester $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 o'clock. My wife and I walked to Cousin Kellers, where we were very pleasantly received. Found our friend generally well. We met Cousin John Lynn near the depot who gave us an invitation to come to see them Wednesday July 11.

About 6 o'clock I walked to the market house—there was a slim market—suppose most persons had been there and returned home—saw plenty of duberries at market price of 2 cents a quart—Beef 10¢ a lb. best quality.

July 11—1860

Morning pleasant, a little cloudy and fine air stirring at about 10 o'clock John B. Campbell a well known and highly esteemed citizen died. In the afternoon abt 5 O'clock Mr. Keller and I went to 2 livery stables to hire horses and carriage to take Mrs. Keller and my wife a ride but could not get any thing to ride in, all horses and carriages out.

A little before dark Mr. Charles Crum, his wife, and my wife and I walked to the cemetery. The cemetery is situated on the east side of Winchester near the edge of town. The grounds are beautifully laid out shrubbery and ornamental trees handsomely arranged—many handsome tomb stones, monuments etc. The view commanding! Can see the Blue Ridge mts. There is a shoe and boot manufactory about to be started. Mr. Crum and I went through the establishment—but few hands at work.

About 3 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Crum, my wife and I went to Randall Evans and took Ice cream, I also drank a glass of ale—price of ice cream $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per plate—ale 6 cents a glass.

July 12—1860

Thursday morning clear, the air cool and quite pleasant at 10 o'clock my wife and I attended the funeral of John B. Campbell at second Presbyterian church. Discourse by the pastor of the Congregation. I was much pleased with the discourse.

Friday July 13—1860

This morning quite cool and clear, about 9 o'clock Mrs. Crum and my wife and I walked to the Garden—walked around and looked at the flowers, shrubbery etc., the grounds are well laid off, we then went to see the Large spring beyond Mr. Mason's—the water is carried by two large pipes from the spring through town, supplying the town with water, which is hard and strongly impregnated with lime.

After drinking some water we returned to Main st.—Mrs. Crum and my wife called at some stores to shop. I left them and went to the Taylor Hotel, met Mr. Jacob Reamer and Cousin John Lynn. Talked with them a while then returned to the Hardware store of George W. Keller. Remained there for a while then went to Cousin Kellers, took dinner.

I wrote a few lines to Mariah Denge to apprise her that we would be with them in Woodstock on Monday next.

Saturday July 14—1860

My wife and I were up at 5 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Crum, my wife and I went to market, the morning cool and pleasant. The market pretty well supplied with vegetables etc.

After dinner, I went to Taylor's Hotel and paid fare for self and wife to Woodstock—amount \$3.50 for both and left the order to call for us on Monday morning by stage to Strasburg, then by Manassas Gap R. R. to Woodstock.

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 one of the Military Companies of Winchester started to form near the Court House on Parade—about 5 o'clock I went to the Court House and heard Mr. James M. Mason, make a Breckinbridge speech, he labored hard to convince the Democrats that his position and that of the Breckinbridge party was the Democratic Party and Pronounced the Douglas Party as worse than the Black Republican Party and that he was glad that the Democratic Party had got rid of that diseased party, they, the Douglass party had sluffed off and He was glad of it. Mr. Mason spoke for two hours, when the meeting adjourned till evening—After supper Mr. and Mrs. Crum and my wife and I walked to the edge of town to what is called Shawney Springs. They are situated near Winchester at the foot of a tolerably large hill, surrounded by large masses of Limestone rocks. There are several springs, the largest of which we drank out of—the water is strongly impregnated with lime, the taste of which I did not like. The place is almost entirely unimproved. If surroundings were improved would be a pleasant place of resort for the citizens of W. Returned to Mr. Kellers about dusk, Mr. Crum and I went to the Court House, to the Breckinbridge meeting, heard Mr. John Blair Hoge speak about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, he is rather a good speaker, maintaining in all his argument that the Breckinbridge party was the Democratic party—said but little about the Republican party. Next came Andrew Hunter (a whig) said he supports Breckinbridge because he is the most reliable man and true to the South, was hard on Douglass, saying that he was as base, if not worse than the Black Republican party. Declaiming the Bill and Everett platform too broad to stand on, he wanted a narrow plank advising the Bell men to vote with him for Breckinbridge, his

arguments were very much mixed up not as good as I expected to hear from Mr. Hunter.

Next came John Randolph Tucker, atty for the state of Va. a pretty good speaker, his effort was to prove that the Breckinbridge party was the Democratic party and that he was glad they were rid of the Douglass party—calling them very hard names—Said but little about Republicans, he invited the Bell and Everett men to join the Democratic party—he is also opposed to prescribing the limits of Slavery.

Next came Thomas S. Isabell, Senator—about the time he was getting under way, Mr. Crum and I returned to Mr. Kellers—it was nearly 11 o'clock.

Sunday July 15—1860

Clear and pleasant after breakfast G. W. Keller and I walked to what is called Town Spring—we sat and talked a while, drank some of the water and returned to Mrs. Kellers. Mr. Crum, my wife and I went to the M. E. Church (North), heard a fair discourse by the Rev. Theodore Carson from Text. St. John—15 ch—14 verse. The house was pretty well filled. The church is large and pretty with a gallery on each side and at one end. The choir sang, well, have a melodion which was well played. After dinner about 3 o'clock, I laid down on the sofa and took a nap, the afternoon very warm.

Monday July 16—1860

We got up at 4 o'clock and at 5 we bid good bye to our friends, got in the stage, drawn by four horses and were soon on our way to Strasburg, where we arrived at 8 o'clock, distance from Winchester 18 miles. There we remained for the Cars. After taking breakfast, I went to the Depot in the Stage coach and left our trunk and Carpet bag sitting on the platform—I was told it would be safe. The R. R. Co. have no baggage room nor waiting room for passengers—very little in improvement at the station. Stage runs every day from Strasburg to Capon Springs, leaving Strasburg abt 1 o'clock—distance 17 miles, fare \$2.00 for each passenger—time abt. 4 hours, road hilly and rather rough, so I have been informed.

12 miles from Strasburg to Woodstock—The town of Strasburg has an old dilapidated appearance, there is but one hotel in

the place. It is rather comfortable and has the appearance of being pretty well kept.

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 we walked to the depot to be ready when the train for Woodstock came in. We had a fine view of the mountain which is called Fort Mountain—east of Strasburg. We arrived in Woodstock at one o'clock. Cousin L. S. Bowman and some of his children, Sarah Ann Lynn and some of Mariah Denges children met us. I knew Mr. Bowman and Sarah Ann Lynn but did not know the children, they escorted us to Mrs. Denges where we met Harriet Haines.

Our relatives are in good health, and seemed glad to see us. We had a good dinner. We then went to the edge of town to a fine spring. Took a drink of water limestone also, all the drinking water of this town is limestone and very hard.

July 18—1860

Mrs. M. Denges, Harriet Haines, and several of our relatives spent the day with us at Elizabeth Dash. Took dinner and supper.

About dusk Dash and I went to F. Schaffers and there met my wife and Mrs. Denges and several of our relatives, spent a pleasant evening, had cake and lemonade, which was very nice.

A gentleman and lady from Richmond, boarding at Schaffers danced a little, music from a pianoforte. All left about 9 o'clock, stoped at I Bowman and bade them good-by.

Thursday July 19—1860

Morning cloudy and cool, At 7 o'clock Mrs. Haines, John Denge and my wife and I bade good by to our friends and left for Lost River.

We had a horse Hack belonging to F. Schaffer and one of his horses. Mr. Schaffer was very kind to me and would not charge me for his horse and Hack. We hired a horse from Mr. Fravel, price \$1.25. The road was very rough, Before we arrived at Newman's Furnace there came up quite a hard shower. Mr. Denges and I got a little wet, not much, however, were protected by shawls.

The road is very bad, steep in many places and terrible rocky, the scenery grand. It took 4 hours from the time we left Spitlers at the foot of the mountain, until we arrived at Harrison Hass, distance 18

miles, the road across the mountain (called North Mountain) is but seldom used with buggy or wagon and is worse than any road I ever recall.

July 20—1860

This morning the sun rose clear and shines bright bidding fair to be a hot day.

July 21—1860

This morning the air cool and pleasant, somewhat cloudy.

About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 we started for Wardensville, Mr. B. F. Baker loaned me a horse to hitch to buggy, and one to ride, had his son and blackman to go with us to bring back his horse and buggy. Mr. Baker and his family were very kind. The road is good, my wife and Mrs. Frye drove the horse.

We arrived in Wardensville about 1 o'clock. Mr. Baker's son and blackman would not stop to feed the horses or take dinner. They went on to the William Bakers to stay all night. I did not ask Mr. Baker what he charged for fear it would displease him, felt sure he would not charge me for his horses. Benj. was very kind to furnish horse and send his son and blackman with us, he promised to send Mr. Haas buggy home. At Wardensville, I called on Mrs. Hanson and saw many of my old acquaintances.

July 22—1860

Sunday. Cloudy and cool.

I did not rest well during the night. My wife felt better then when she went to bed, abt 8 o'clock Ellen ate some toast and drank some tea, pretty soon after got up dressed feeling better.

No preaching in Wardensville today.

Monday July 23

This morning cloudy and raining.

About 8 o'clock quit raining, Mr. McKeevers, Dr. Bell, Mrs. Haines, my wife and I went to the Big Spring at the head of Fruit Run. Dr. Bell road his horse, ballance of us went in Mr. McKeevers old carriage, we drank water at the spring.

Mr. McKeever, Dr. Bell and I fished for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I caught 2 small trout, others caught none.

July 24 1860

Tuesday—the morning clear.

My wife and I both feel pretty well, better than since we came here.

This morning we took leave of our friends

in Wardensville Mr. McKeever brought us to Mr. H. W. Fries where about 9 o'clock we arrived. In the afternoon I went to the meadows with Mr. H. W. Frye and raked hay for about 3 hours, about sunset Mr. Wm. McKeever and Dr. Bell came to Mr. Fries and spent the evening—left abt. 9 o'clock.

The night cool.

July 25 1860

We got up early, the sun rose clear and bright. Abt. 8 o'clock Mr. Frye hitched a horse to a 2 seated carriage and brought us and baggage to Mr. Hopewell's.

Mr. McKeever promised to have his carriage and horses at Mr. Claggetts early next morning to take us to Capon Springs. Rather a warm day.

July 26

Cool and pleasant.

About 7 o'clock Mr. Wm. McKeever called at Mr. Claggetts and soon his brother came with their carriage. We bid good bye to Mr. and Mrs. Claggett and family and set out at once for Capon Springs where we arrived abt. 10 o'clock.

Mr. McKeever charged me \$2.50 (cheap) I gave the boy Benj. McKeever \$1.00 as a present. Before dinner we walked to the Springs, took a drink, sat in the harbour a while and looked at the bathrooms for

ladies then to the Hotel. Dinner was at 2 o'clock.

Immediately after I learned that a stage would soon start for Winchester. I decided to set out by stage, so went to our rooms and informed my wife and Mrs. Haines that we would go, they agreeing with me and made ready for the journey, while I paid fare, bill etc.

I paid \$2.00 to a man to take Mrs. Haines to Mrs. Richards, who lives about 6 miles from here—gave Cousin Harriet \$7.00 to pay her way home.

About 3 o'clock we bid Cousin Harriet good by and started for Winchester where we arrived about 9 o'clock. Had the stage driver take us direct to Mr. Kellers where we were pleasantly rec. had supper and went to bed.

July 27—1860

Friday—About 8 o'clock we said good by to Cousin May Keller and left for the cars. Mr. Keller, George Keller, Mr. Crum and Lady and John Lynn went with us.

When the whistle blew we said good by to our friends and at 9 o'clock the cars started for Harpers Ferry where we arrived at half past 11. Left at 12 and arrived at Bell Air a little before 4 o'clock. Left Bellair soon after 5 and arrived in Zanesville a few minutes before 9 o'clock.



David's Mother

EDITH HARLAN

*When she reached Heaven first, she must
have lingered*

*By Peter's gate and hoped to find a toy,
A rumpled pillow, books small hands had
fingered,*

Just some reminder of her little boy.

*The sounds of Heaven's anthems must have
chilled her*

*(The sounds she knew were softer than a
sigh),*

*For the one song which in the evenings
thrilled her*

Was the soft echo of her lullaby.

*Perhaps the good Saint Peter heard her
weeping*

*When after dusk the stars came out at
night,*

*When she remembered that a little lad lay
sleeping*

*So far away—she could not hide her fright.
Perhaps among the Heavenly throng one*

Mother,

*Knowing her love, her anguish, her alarm,
Hoping they would find comfort in each
other*

Laid a small frightened baby on her arm.

Unearthing Revolutionary History

Irene H. Burnham

IF you are driving through the beautiful Ligonier Valley in Pennsylvania this summer you may stop at a drug store on Main Street in the little town of Ligonier for ice cream. Perhaps you will notice some lovely garden flowers on the counter and will be told that they are for sale. If you are of an inquiring mind, as we are, you will ask someone about the flowers, as we did, and you may be rewarded, as we were, with an extremely interesting story of the initiative and resourcefulness of the Daughters of the American Revolution in that town, and of how their efforts were rewarded by enabling them to complete the supposedly lost record of the family of General Arthur St. Clair, who was the Revolutionary hero of the locality.

"The flowers in the drug store are donations from home gardens and are sold to make it possible for the local chapter of D. A. R. to continue the work which they started a few years ago," said our informant. "There is never very much realized," he continued, "just a few cents a day, but, with additional sums from entertainments, food sales, etc., it is adequate. In the winter, wreaths and bunches of holly replace the flowers and at Christmas time there is a good demand for hemlock boughs."

It all started this way: At a meeting of the Chapter a month before Memorial Day the women began to discuss the unsightly—disgraceful, some called it—condition of the old cemetery which was situated in the center of the town and was the only neglected spot in the place.

It was nothing new to discuss the subject. That had happened at every meeting, whether of men or women, for a decade. This time the women decided to stop talking and act. They were determined that the cemetery should be made a fitting place for the American flags which would soon be placed there.

It was a tremendous undertaking on which they embarked. Generations had passed since anyone had taken the least interest in the old cemetery. All the lot

owners had died. All the trustees had disappeared. When the sale of lots stopped, the revenue for repairs ceased. Many of the headstones had tumbled down. Weeds and briars had taken possession of everything as the abounding growth of years had matted on the ground. The town wag said, "Don't need to be afraid to pass that cemetery, no self-respecting ghost would stay there."

Without delay a committee was appointed to solicit donations of such a nature that anyone could participate. It was time for which the women asked. Everyone in the town, young and old, was asked to promise a certain number of hours, or days, which they would give to working in the old cemetery. The response was unanimous.

On the appointed day such a crowd appeared as to make the committee wonder what to do with all the workers. They took account of such stock as rakes, hoes, shovels, etc., and delegated groups of four or five people to different sections. Children pulled weeds, trundled wheelbarrows and made themselves generally useful.

The first day saw a great deal accomplished. Everyone had had a good time and wanted to continue. Men gave part of their time at noon and a few hours each evening. Business women came after work and raked with the best of them. Local stores donated such tools as were lacking.

One morning someone shouted, "I've found a stone 'way down under all this dead grass!" Crowbars and shovels were commandeered to lift the stone. Pails of water and rags cleaned the sand and slugs from it, and there, facing the eyes of the incredulous workers, was the name of the only daughter of General St. Clair, who had died in poverty and seclusion, and for whose record several historical societies had searched in vain.

As the work progressed it was found that the old stone wall must be relaid, many stones reset and repaired, and the place kept mowed and trimmed. That is where the sale of flowers comes in.

A similar, and equally successful, project was conducted by women in Wisconsin. Early one spring the Woman's Club of Amery, Wisconsin, appointed a committee to make a survey of the city and report any unsightly places which they might be able to improve or have eliminated.

The committee reported that the cemetery was one of the most unsightly places in the whole city. Their recommendation was that the club focus its attention on that spot and that there be no delay in beginning work in order that rejuvenation might be completed before Memorial Day.

The story of that work is almost exactly like that of Ligonier except that the City Council of Amery heard about what was going on and, possibly, felt a bit ashamed that the women were showing greater civic pride than they had done. At any rate they donated one hundred dollars with which to start work.

When the restoration was completed some clever woman, perhaps the chairman of the legislative committee, discovered that Wisconsin had some very definite laws concerning the care and upkeep of cemeteries through Cemetery Associations. Armed with copies of these laws the club called a mass meeting of all lot owners. An Association was formed.

A recent report of this club project says, "Now, after ten years, we have a progressive Cemetery Association. The cemetery is a place of beauty and a source of pride to us all. The Woman's Club no longer has any active connection with the Association, but has gone on to other fields of activity."

The story of forgotten cemeteries is almost endless. I am told of one in Indiana which is rarely visited, "while a surprising number of the nearby villagers do not know of its existence."

The *Rural New-Yorker* tells of a pioneer cemetery at the bottom of a ravine which has been leveled off, graveled and made into a city playground, with no one either knowing or caring that children are making merry above the remains of original settlers.

A few pitifully small stones still cling to the ravine side where not too steep, but they are hidden by brush and weeds.

Perhaps the most difficult bits of history to unearth (word used advisedly) are to be found on tablets which were erected over graves of people who were buried on home farms. These little family burial plots are to be found in many states. One such in Missouri is guarded by a few cedar trees. The names are almost entirely obliterated from the slabs and no one seems to know who once lived on that farm. Were they makers of our history?

Last summer I happened upon a family burial plot on a steep New England hillside. The only access to it was through a cow pasture. There was no trace of the road which once passed it. A fence of rusty iron chains hanging from granite posts surrounded the plot which was about eighteen feet square. It was the iron fence which sent me exploring. Three stones were still standing, they bore dates 1800, 1811, 1818. I am sure that there were others lying under the raspberry bushes which filled the place. What dates might be on them? Would they supplement stories of achievement and patriotism which are now incomplete?

Thousands of old cemeteries seem to be everybody's business and, therefore, nobody's. They constitute a challenge to civic and national pride.

"My Country 'Tis Of Thee," play the bands, as people go marching down tree-lined streets to place the American Flag beside tumble-down stones. Flags which will soon fade and, for very shame, will hide their folds in the lush grass and rank weeds.

Most of the stones of Revolutionary days can be restored and preserved, if the work is undertaken soon. If this is neglected there will remain many blank pages in our history. Perhaps the stories of donations of flowers, a few entertainments and food sales, coupled with initiative such as was shown by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Ligonier, Pa., might fill these pages.

In Memoriam

We announce with sorrow the passing, on September 17, 1939, of Miss Helen Harman of the District of Columbia, Vice President General, 1933-1936; and State Regent of the District of Columbia, 1930-1932.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

Genealogical Editor

NOTE: All letters pertaining to this department should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

THE Post Office Department decreed a National Letterwriting Week, October 7 to 14, which no doubt brought into communication many relatives and friends whose past correspondence was perhaps too often confined to expressions of sympathy upon the passing of loved ones.

This suggests a Family History Week, which might well take the place of the deluge of Christmas card "exchanged" greetings, which have become somewhat perfunctory and meaningless when compiled from a yearly list of those "who sent one last year."

Why not supplant or supplement this with a "Who, When, Where?" letter to distant relatives, exchanging family records to add to the personal lineage books that many are compiling? In this way we may add to the genealogical knowledge of this and future generations. This may result in the organization of Family Associations, the records of which are of untold value if historical and genealogical information is preserved.

One very successful Family Association is that of the Gregg Clan which began the monthly publication of the Gregg Clan News in September with H. A. Gregg of Cambridge, Ohio, as Editor.

William Gregg who was born in Scotland and came to America with William Penn in 1682. He was one of the group who founded and settled the original Colony of Pennsylvania. The land upon which this first William Gregg settled is now in New Castle County, Delaware, in and near

the present city of Wilmington. This first William Gregg (1682) is the American forefather of the great majority of present-day Gregg descendants now living in America.

A fine description of the old Gregg House, built in 1737 by the son of William Gregg, is given. This house is located at Ashland, Delaware, about eight miles from Wilmington. This is one development of Family Associations that is of nationwide importance to those named Gregg. Others, however, can be developed to add to the ever-increasing interest in history and genealogy.

Among other Family Associations filed with this department are:

Harley Family Association, Elsie J. Zimmerman, Center Square, Pa.

The Fulton Clan in York County, Pa., Mrs. Margaret Fulton Powers, 246 Lenox Ave., So. Orange, N. J.

Bowen Family Association of Kentucky, Mrs. Bennett F. Hughes, Versailles, Ky.

Cassell Family Association, Mrs. Samuel Peyton Welch, "Cedar Hill", Rte. 5, Lexington, Ky.

Ringo-Morgan-Bryan Families, Mrs. George W. Brune, 254 Mt. Prospect Ave., Newark, N. J.

Simpson Family Association of Maine, Nora S. Cook, Kittery, Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Merserve, 4 Hillside Ave., Lawrence, Mass., wishes to know whether there is a Gray Family Association and a Tabor Family Association and names and addresses of an officer in each.

Abstracts of Wills

Lancaster County Court House

(Continued from October issue, and contributed by Eleanore J. Fulton of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.)

Fulton, Hugh (Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, M-366-1820). Signed August 26, 1813. Proven Feb. 25, 1820. Little Britain Twp., Lancaster County, Pa. Late of North Millfoard Hundred, Cecil Co., Md. Mentions: Oldest son William Fulton of Little Britain. My children and Children of James Cochran (to receive their mother's share). Executors: Son William Fulton of Little Britain and my old neighbor William Cowan of North Millfoard Hundred, Cecil County, Maryland. Witnesses: John Taylor, William Carter.

Fulton, John (1765-B-1-502). Signed April 30, 1765. Proven May 6, 1765. Little Britain Twp., Lancaster County, Pa. Yeoman. Mentions: Sons, Alexander & John Fulton and daughters Elesebeth & Margret. Executor: Brother Samuel Fulton. Witnesses: Andrew Baxter, James Chestnut and John Laughlin. Remarks: Ordered that his sons be schooled and educated.

Fulton, Richard (1775-B-1-663). Signed Nov. 11, 1774. Proven May 1, 1775. Paxton Twp., Lancaster County, Pa. (now Dauphin Co.). Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Isabel, Son William Fulton, Grandson Richard Wallace, son of Moses Wallace, Granddau. Isabel Wilson, dau. of Hugh Wilson, Daus. Jean Wallace & Isabel Wilson, Dau. Grizel Wilson, Children Joseph & Richard, Brother Chesney. Executors: Moses Wallace & Hugh Wilson. Witnesses: Henry Lerue & George Lerue. Remarks: His desire that the family live together on plantation with the greatest harmony & brotherly affection and that they have equal benefit of the negroes, etc. To Richard, the House Bible and silver shoe buckles.

Robert Fulton, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. 1774—Administration Bond, Robert Fulton, decd. (renunciation filed). To Edward Shippen, Esquire, Deputy Register for the Probate of Wills and granting Letters of Administration in and for the County of Lancaster. I Mary Fulton Widow and

Relict of Robert Fulton late of the Borough of Lancaster in the County aforesaid, Yeoman deceased do hereby . . . Mary Fulton. Peter Hoofnagle, William Feltman. Know all Men by these Presents, that We Henry Helm, Charles Hall and Samuel Boyd, etc.

Fulton, Samuel (1760-B-1-322). Signed Feb. 17, 1760. (Died April, 1760) Proven April 1, 1760. Donegal Twp., Lancaster County, Pa. Plantation. Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Elizabeth, Sons James, John, and Samuel. Executors: James Kerr & Ephraim Moore. Witnesses: Joseph Tate, Wm. Bell, Wm. Kelly. Remarks: To son James, leather Breeches with the silver buttons. Notes: Samuel Fulton m. Elizabeth, dau. of George Stewart, Geo. Stewart d. in Donegal, 1722-23 or '33. His son John m. Ann dau. of Rev. James Anderson. John Stewart d. 1769 and his widow m. John Allison, Esq. Had 3 or 4 children. The Fulton farm bought by James Wilson, whose dau. m. Rev. William Kerr (Presby. minister) (Ref. Egle—4th Series, p. 30). Samuel Fulton settled along Peter's Road, about 2 mi. west of Donegal Meeting House. Was a surveyor & justice of the peace. Son James m. Margaret. Had Samuel, Hugh, John, James, Elizabeth. James removed from Donegal between 1778 & 1780 and John soon after father's death. Samuel rec'd 139 acres. Sold it to bro. James. James sold 309 acres to David Cook, April 20, 1778, part of which went to son Samuel Cook, who sold it to James Wilson, who sold it to Rev. William Kerr (preacher at Donegal Pres. Church).

Thomas Fulton, Lancaster County, Pa., Administration Bond Box Lancaster, Pa., August 1748—Admintr. Bond—Jane Fulton Adm. de bonus non of Thomas Fulton. Thomas Fulton, Deceased. Know all men by these presents that we Patrick Alexander & Jane Fulton both of the County of Lancaster are held & firmly bound unto Wm. Plumstead, Esq., Registrar General for the Probate of Wills & granting Letters of Administration in Province of Penna. in the sum of 30 pounds. . . . Sealed & dated August 16, 1748. The estate unadministered by Samuel Fulton, dec'd.

William Fulton, Lancaster County, Pa., 1741—Administration Bond-C. William Fulton, dec'd. Know all Men by these

Presents that we Jane Fulton Widow and Walter Deny and Samuel Boyd, yeoman. . . . Sealed & Delivered in the presence of Samuel Blunston, James Webb.

William Fulton, Lancaster County, Pa., 1818—Administration Bond—Entered Nov. 30th. William Fulton deceased. To the Register of Lancaster County: These may inform that I am the only heir of William Fulton That is of age (In this part of the Country, and I do Make Choise of Reuben Reynolds to Administer on My Father's Property. Hugh C. Fulton. 11th Mo., 28th, 1818. Testes: John Brabson, William Ewing. Know all men by these Presents That We Reuben Reynolds, John Brabson, and William Ewing, all of Lancaster County, are held and firmly bound unto the Commonwealth, etc. . . .

Hamilton, James (1748-W.B.-1-1-190). Written June 23, 1748. Mentions: Wife Mary, Cousin Thomas Hamilton (Cousin here evidently means nephew as he says "my cousin James Hamilton viz., my bro. Hance H's son, James"), Cousin James, Son James Hamilton. Executor: Hance Hamilton. Wits: Alexander Lowry, Wm. Brown, James Maginly. Probated Dec. 22, 1748.

Hamilton, James (1777-W.B.-C-1-443). Written July 5, 1776. Yeoman. Mentions: Bro. Charles H., Bro. Thomas H., John Cook, son to Jacob Cook of Londonderry Twp., Lancaster County. Executors: Trusty Friends James Murray of Upper Paxton Twp., and Jacob Cook. Wits: John Murray & John Stoner. Probated March 15, 1777. Refers to Plantation where Robert Lucky lives in Northumberland Co.; to my share of Plantation in partnership with John Musser. (To be continued.)



Revolutionary War Pensions

File No. W 10.824.

Norton, Freeman Betsey. Cert. No. 16.180; issued Nov. 26, 1819, Act of Mar.

18, 1818, at \$8.00 per mo. from Apr. 8, 1818.

Application for Pension Apr. 8, 1818. Age 63 yrs. or 65 yrs. Agency N. Y. Res. at date of app. Marcellus Onondaga Co., N. Y. Res. at date of enlistment ——. Service Mass. Navy Privateer, Rank Mariner.

Freeman Norton entered the Rev. Army in 1776 on board the U. S. Vessel *Warren* for a term of 1 yr. as a seaman—was promoted July 3, 1776 as a Quarter Master and Sept. 3, 1776 was made 2nd Lt. under Capt. John B. Hopkins.

They were in a skirmish with the British in Providence Bay—was discharged July 3, 1777. Later he was put on board a British prize, a Privateer commanded by Capt. McGee, this privateer was recaptured by the British Ship *Rainbow* and he was taken to England; tried and imprisoned at Plymouth, England—was exchanged after 11 mos.

Sept. 1, 1820. Freeman Norton aged 66 yrs. a resident of Marcellus, N. Y., declares he was a marine on board the Frigate *Warren* in the Navy for 12 mos. commanded by Capt. John B. Hopkins. He states at this time that his wife is 54 yrs. old and he has 5 children between the ages of 12 yrs. and 18 yrs. (no names given). He resided in Mass. when he entered the service, after the Rev. War he moved to N. Y. State.

June 14, 1819 Richard Marven of Providence, R. I., declares that in 1776 he was 3rd Lt. in the Continental Frigate *Warren*, commanded by Capt. John B. Hopkins on July 3, 1776. Freeman Norton entered the Frigate as a seaman, was promoted to Quarter Master etc.

File No. W 10.824

Norton, Freeman Betsey. Cert. No. 1053; issued Sept. 5, 1853, Act of Mar. 3, 1853, at \$96.00 per annum from Jan. 1, 1853.

Application for Pension Mar. 23, 1853.

37

1766

Age 87 yrs. Res. at date of app. Marcellus, N. Y. Agency N. Y. Res. at date of enlistment ——. Service Mass. Navy Privateer, Rank Mariner.

Betsey Norton declares that she is the widow of Freeman Norton who was a

mariner during the Rev. War and U. S. pensioners under the Act of Congress approved Mar. 18, 1818. She was mar. to Freeman Norton Oct. 4, 1801 at Conway, Mass. (no maiden name given.)

Apr. 3, 1853 Anna Norton of Auburn Cayuga Co., N. Y., aged 80 yrs. and upwards declares that she is the widow of Shurbael Norton, who died in 1822. He was the son of Freeman Norton by his first (no name given)—. Deponent was living in Springfield, Mass., when Freeman and Betsey Norton were married in Conway, Mass., Oct. 7, 1801.

Mar. 23, 1853 Sally Brown aged 44 yrs. of Marcellus, N. Y., declares that she is a daughter of Freeman and Betsey Norton of Marcellus and she had 2 sisters and 1 brother older than herself.

C. S. Wilson is given as a grandson of Freeman Norton (no details given).

June 18, 1819 Samuel Shaw of Williamsburg, Mass., declares that in 1776 he was a midshipman on board the ship *Warren* commanded by Capt. John B. Hopkins of Providence and on July 3, 1776 Freeman Norton entered on board said Frigate as a seaman and soon afterwards was made Quarter Master and later a Lt. in which capacity he served until discharged July 3, 1777.

There are no further family data on file. File No. W 5456. B.L. Wt 81-60-55.

Osborn, Joseph Rosanna. Cert. No. 13,446; issued July 21, 1819, Act of Mar. 18, 1818, at \$8.00 per mo. from May 12, 1818.

Application for Pension May 12, 1818. Age 63 yrs. Res. at date of app. Warren Co., Ohio. Agency Ohio. Res. at date of enlistment —. Service N. J., Rank Private.

He entered the Rev. Army in 1776 for during the War and served in Capt. Anderson's Co., Col. Martin's N. J. Regt. He was in the Battles of Trenton, Short Hills, Germantown, Brandywine, Monmouth, Princeton, and at the capture of Cornwallis—was also in several skirmishes—was discharged June 1783.

Sept. 13, 1825—Joseph Osborn aged 72 yrs. resident of Warren Co., Ohio, states that his wife Rosina is abt. 60 yrs. old—they had 8 children, 6 of whom are now living to wit, Absalom aged 39, John aged

37 yrs., James aged 35 yrs., Elizabeth aged 33, Andrew aged 30 yrs. and Ira aged 22 yrs. All are married and have families except Ira.

Joseph Osborn moved from Hunterdon Co., N. J., to Warren Co., Ohio, in 1800. He died Oct. 10, 1830 in Warren Co., Ohio. File No. W 5456.

Osborn, Rosanna. Cert. No. 4676; issued Apr. 7, 1849, Act of Feb. 2, 1848, at \$80.00 per annum from Mar. 4, 1848.

Application for Pension Apr. 8, 1846. Age abt. 80 yrs. last winter. Res. at date of app. Union Twp., Warren Co., Ohio.

Rosanna Osborn declares that she is the widow of Joseph Osborn who was a Rev. Soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the Act of Congress passed March 18, 1818. She was married to Joseph Osborn Nov. 12, 1784, 1785 or 1786 by Samuel Stout. Her name before said marriage was Rosannah or Rosina Dorch.

In 1845 one David Pearce aged 65 yrs. and upwards resident of Warren Co., Ohio, stated that said Joseph Osborn was his mother's brother, etc.

Feb. 5, 1855 Aaron and Phebe Osborn (no relationship stated) were living in Warren Co., Ohio.

There are no further family data on file. File No. W 3,995. B.L. Wt. 14,989-160-55.

Hodges, Joseph Sarah. Cert. No. 16,296; issued July 24, 1835, Act of June 7, 1832, at \$100.00 per annum from Mar. 4, 1831.

Application for Pension Sept. 6, 1832. Age b. Oct. 1, 1765. Agency N. C. Res. at date of app. Bladen Co., N. C. Service N. C. Rank Pri. of Cav.

Joseph Hodges was born in Cumberland Co., N. C., Oct. 1, 1765 and was living there when he entered the Rev. Army. Later he resided in Johnston and Bladen Counties.

He volunteered Oct. 1780 and served 3 mos. in Capt. Craincy's company. He enlisted June 1782 and served in a company commanded by his brother, Capt. Philemon Hodges for 5 tours of 3 mos. each under Col. Thomas Armstrong—was discharged Sept. 1783.

He died Jan. 28, 1836 leaving a widow Sarah Hodges.

"A Return of men hired by the militia of Beaufort Co. to serve in the Continental

Army agreeable to the Act of Assembly. No. 1—Joseph Hodges during the War. Signed: Benjamin Coleman, Capt., Comptroller's Office, Raleigh, N. C."

Militia Returns of 1779.

File No. W 3.995.

Hodges, Joseph Sarah. Cert. No. 9983; issued Apr. 30, 1846, Act of July 7, 1838; at \$100.00 per annum from Mar. 4, 1836.

Application for Pension Apr. 16, 1845. Age 70 yrs. Agency N. C. Res. at date of app. Bladen Co., N. C. Service N. C. Rank Pri. of Cav.

Sarah Hodges declares that she is the widow of Joseph Hodges, who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the Act of Congress passed June 7, 1832. She was married to Joseph Hodges Apr. 24, 1791.

Children:

Esther Allen Hodges b. Oct. 1, 1793, Philemon H. Hodges b. July 9, 1795. The following also appears: John Hodges was born Nov. 30, 1755, William Dowan (not clear) was born Nov. 14, 1738.

She applied Apr. 19, 1855 while a resident of Bladen Co., N. C., aged 81 yrs. for bounty land. A Warrant 14.988 for 160 A was issued Jan. 29, 1856 to Sarah Hodges, widow of Joseph Hodges for his services in the Rev. War and sent to her attorney, Benj. R. Huske, Fayetteville, N. C.

There are no further family data on file.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Queries must be submitted in duplicate, typed double-spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to two queries of not more than sixty words each. Add name and address on same line following query as given below.

All information available to us is published. Names and addresses of former querists are not on file so correspondence regarding the same should not be sent to this department.

Queries conforming to the above requirements will be published as soon as space is available.

ANSWERS

Reply to *Query No. 13947* appearing in D. A. R. Magazine for February 1932, and signed S. C. M. Moody—Pulaski County, Kentucky, Deed Book 2, page 215; dated August 2, 1811. Heirs of John Moody—Thomas Hail & Jane his wife; Stephen Hail & Polly his wife; William Boyd & Sinkey (Susanna) his wife; William Shadowen &

Lucy his wife; and Elizabeth Humphreys, all daughters of John Moody, dec'd, formerly of Bedford Co. Va., and Susanna Moody widow of John Moody, dec'd, all the aforesaid now resident of Pulaski County, Ky.,—appoint William Humphreys, husband of the aforesaid Elizabeth—their lawful attorney—to convey to Philip Railey of Bedford Co., Va., a certain tract of land—whereon the said Susanna Moody formerly lived—her dower in estate of said John Moody, dec'd—lying in Bedford Co., Va. on waters of Staunton River.

Pulaski County Ky. Deed Book 7-1 page 63 June—1829.

George Moody of Grainger County, Tenn. appoints his son and friend William M. Moody of said State and County his lawful attorney to receive from personal representative of Susan Moody, dec'd, late of Allen County, Kentucky, and mother of said George Moody, such portion of estate as may be his legal part.

Marriage bonds of Bedford County, Va., compiled by E. S. Dennis & J. E. Smith. George Moody married 11-8-1786 to Mary Hughes; Philip Sanders surety, consent of Rese & Lucy Hughes parents of Mary. William Moody married Salley Haile 2-18-1792; Rob't Woodcock, surety, consent of Stephen & Nancy Haile, parents of Sally William Boyd married Susannah Moody 9-29-1800; Thos. Haile surety.

Census 1790 (which covers county census records for several years prior to 1790) lists. John Moody, Fluvanna County, 1782 with 11 in family. (Note that combining daughters and one son listed in Pulaski County, Ky., records with another son and daughter listed in the query accounts for father, mother, and eight children. There must have been another child.)

Gwathmay's "Virginians in the Revolution" lists, page 559, John Moody served in the Continental Line Regiments 3-7-5. War Department has supplied details of this service.

Records of Bedford County, Va. (book and page not in my files) show John Moody "of Fluvanna county, Va., bought, in 1784 land from—Green, on Staunton River."

Fluvanna was cut off Albemarle in 1777, so that earlier records of the family may be found at Charlottesville or Palmyra, Va. Would like to correspond with the author

of the query, as am about to complete D. A. R. application papers for descendants of John Moody through his daughter Mary (Polly), wife of Stephen Haile Jr.—Mrs. A. S. Frye, Sr., Somerset, Ky.

Replying to *Query E-39* in the May number, relative to ancestry of Benjamin Bledsoe, permit me to say:

He was born May 8, 1788, in Franklin County, North Carolina, died June 22, 1847, in Talladega County, Alabama, married July 13, 1811, Malinda Terrell in Franklin County, North Carolina. She was born December 11, 1784, in Franklin County, North Carolina, died August 3, 1841, Talladega County, Alabama.

His father was Rush Bledsoe whose death occurred in 1818. His mother was Sarah Jones.

Rush Bledsoe was son of George Bledsoe who died 1777 in Bute County, North Carolina, and his wife Jane Rush, daughter of Benjamin Rush, Sr., who died 1767. This George Bledsoe was the son of Abraham Bledsoe who died in Granville County, North Carolina, as shown by the will of Abraham's daughter Sarah (Franklin County, North Carolina Will Book A. p. 53). This Sarah Bledsoe married 1st — While, and married 2nd Benjamin Rush III, marriage bond dated 26 May 1773. In her will she names her brothers and sisters, thus identifying by name some of those whom her father in his will called merely "and the rest of my children".

There has been much confusion in the Bledsoe genealogy, due chiefly to the fact that Cisco's "Historic Sumner County" assumed that because Abraham Bledsoe who died 1753 in Granville County, North Carolina, has a son Isaac, and had a son Abraham who went to Tennessee, he was perforce the father of Col. Anthony Bledsoe and his brother Isaac Bledsoe. Whereas, Abraham's son Isaac died in 1760, in Johnston County, North Carolina, where his will is of record.

Wills of interest in the line of descent as given above are Benjamin Bledsoe's Will Book C p. 137, Talladega County, Alabama. In it he mentions his inheritance from Patrick W. Bledsoe, deceased, in Franklin County, North Carolina.

Patric W. Bledsie's Wills 1787-1837 of

Franklin County, Volume 1 page 8, in the North Carolina Historical Commission in Raleigh in which he leaves property to sisters and brothers.

George Bledsoe's in Bute County Wills 1760-1800, Part I p. 17, in the North Carolina Historical Commission.

Sarah Rush's, in Volume A. of Wills p. 53, Franklin County records, Louisburg, North Carolina, and Abraham Bledsoe's—see Cisco's "Historic Sumner County".

The administration of the estate of Rush Bledsoe appears in the Franklin County Inventories & Sales of Estates 1806-1845, Franklin County, North Carolina, in the North Carolina Historical Commission.

No doubt others are also interested in this, since Abraham Bledsoe, died 1753, mentioned above, was son of George Bledsoe who died in Northumberland County, Virginia, in 1705 (Will in Record Book 4 page 16) by his first wife, Anne (Record Book 7 p. 28). George Bledsoe was an original immigrant before 1652—(Cavaliers & Pioneers p. 263, where his name is spelled Pletsoe). This, therefore, takes the line of Benjamin Bledsoe back by legal, documentary proof, to the original immigrant, and of course takes also others.—M. McL. Kelly, Mountain Spring, Sylacauga, Alabama.

QUERIES

K-39. (a) Carpenter.—Want parentage and Rev. Rec. of Joseph Carpenter; dates for w. Lydia Greenman. Prob. buried Stephentown, N. Y. Have 1827 Bible Records for son Gardner w. Sophia Burdick. Will exchange.

(b). Coon, Thomas M.—Avis Prosser had son Daniel m. Drucilla Carpenter. Want parentage, Rev. Record.

(c). Hoskins, Roswell and w. Elizabeth Twiss. Want ancestry. Lived Canada and Anderson, Michigan.—Mrs. Jas. A. Hoskins, 921 Dos Robles Place, Alhambra, California.

K-39. (a). Walker.—Want parents of James Walker, N. C. and wife Jane Barkley 1806-1881, moved from Tippah Co. Miss. to Texas, among children were Thomas Nelson Walker 1824-1878 and Mary Ann Thompson Henson 1823-1863.

(b). Want name and address of Querist No. 12198 initials W. F. R. Magazine Feb.

1925.—Mrs. Milton H. West, 611 Washington St., Brownsville, Texas.

K-39. Perkins.—Wanted, info. of Ephraim Perkins of Hope, Maine His second wife was Mary Runnels of N. H. Married prior to 1809. Wanted info. of this couple or descendants. Wanted name of first wife or any descendants.—Mrs. W. J. Thompson, 5530 Pershing Westmoreland Apts. St. Louis, Mo.

K-39. (a). Hansford-Hyde.—Wanted dates, place of birth, marriage, death or any information of Captain William Hansford (3) Captain Charles (2) Colonel John (1).

(b). Hansford-Hyde.—Wanted dates, place of birth, marriage, death or any information of Mary or Sarah? Hyde who married Captain William Hansford (3) I think they both died in either Culpepper or Orange Cos. Virginia. Children: William b. 1754, Ann, Mary, Thomas, John, Sarah, Elizabeth, Benjamin and Frances b. 1773.—Mrs. J. H. Hansford, Pratt, West Virginia.

K-39. (a). Gore-Goar.—Nicholas, son of John Gore and Mary Spindler lived in state Iowa 1886. Desire correspond with descendants.

(b). Spindler.—Gore, desire name of parents of John Gore, Mary Spindler lived in or near Baltimore, Md. about 1813.—Mrs. C. B. Hynson, 128-33 Franklin Avenue, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

J-39. (a). Harrington-Johnson.—Wanted: parentage of Nancy Harrington who married Francis Johnson; had several children, one Susanah Johnson, born Warren Co., Tenn. Nov. 12, 1790; Nancy Harrington said to be Pennsylvania Dutch.

(b). Kerr-Campbell.—Wanted: parents of Elizabeth Kerr, born about 1798, married James Campbell, and she died July 19, 1846. Buried at Tranquility Cemetery, Adams Co. Ohio. Campbell family had lived there since about 1800.—Imogen B. Emery, Higley Bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

K-39. (a). Dent.—Wanted dates and descendants of Walter Dent, son of Peter Dent, b. 1693, d. 1757, in Prince Georges Co., Md.

(b). Dent.—Wanted parentage of Mark Winnett Dent, b. May 25, 1777, in Md. or Va. and d. Dec. 3, 1837 in Mo. Wife was believed named Elizabeth Ferguson. Their children, born in Md. or Va., were Joab b.

Sept. 5, 1806, Lewis b. Dec. 11, 1808, and Nancy b. Feb. 2, 1811. In 1835, they had relatives living in Rocky Mount, Franklin Co., Va. Was Mark Winnett Dent descended from John and Violetta (Winnett) Dent, mar. about 1753?—Alice Dent, Salem, Missouri.

K-39. (a). Allen-Spain.—Elizabeth Allen, b. Dinwiddie Co., Va., July 3, 1773 and said to be niece of General Ethan Allen, m. Abraham Spain, b. in same county February 23, 1770. Parentage of Elizabeth and Abraham desired.

(b). Pruitt, Prewet, etc.—Wanted information regarding Michael Pruitt Junior who settled on Duck Creek, Tennessee, about 1800, and had children: (1) By Elizabeth Hurt—Mary, Sarah, Robert, Moses, and Patience. (2) By Sarah Catherine Fuqua—Patrick Henry Pruitt. Did Michael Jr. have Revolutionary War service? Information also desired regarding his children.—Mrs. Helen Pruitt Beattie, Highland, California.

K-39. (a). Cortright.—Wanted parentage of Cornelius Cortright (or Kortright) born about 1776 (died 12-28-1836 aged 60) and his wife Phebe Decker, born about 1780 (died 2-9-1846 aged 66). They settled in Candor, Tioga Co., N. Y. 1805 with a son Simeon then 5 years old.

(b). Lewis.—Wanted ancestry of Henry Lewis of Delaware Co., N. Y., and his second wife Mercy Holloway. Their daughter Harriet born 9-1-1807 married Levi Cortright 8-10-1828. Other children were William born 1800 m. Almira Early; Abigail m. Joshua Mead; Jerusha m. John Hood; Holloway m. Phoebe Williams; and Josephus Lewis who m. Melissa Barlow of Walton, N. Y. and in 1868 moved to Iowa.—Mrs. Maud H. Waterman, 1603 Evarts St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

K-39. Mount-Cates.—John (Wilburn?) Mount, born about 1792, married Dec. 15, 1813 at Danridge, Jefferson Co., Tenn. to Sarah (Sally) Cates, daughter of William Cates and wife (nee — Inyard) of Orange Co., N. C.; Sarah had brother, Charles, who married — McMillan. John was probably nephew or son of Humphrey Mount of Jefferson Co., Tenn. John had relative (cousin?) William Mount who married Elizabeth Thompson Basherby Gullledge. After death of Sarah in McMinn

Co., Tenn., John remarried to another Sarah Cates. Children by 1st wife: Rebecca, Mary, Nancy, Conway, Mack, Wilburn, Charles and Robert Calvin. Several children were born in Ga.; Children by second wife; George, Moses Anderson, Harriet, Parlee, and "Tip." John died in Cherokee Co., Tex. 1860-62.—Mrs. Edward S. Atkinson, 1502 Stuart Ave., Houston, Texas.

K-'39. Gable-Rampey.—Wanted ancestry and parents of Harmon Gable born in South Carolina 1779, lived to be 105, married (1) Mary and (2) Liza Rampey. Wanted information on Rampey. A Rosanna Gable is mentioned in early deed records. Who is Rosanna, and was she mother of Harmon Gable. Revolutionary Service of above?—Miss Margaret McKinney, 111 Park Place, Dublin, Ga.

K-'39. Bonnell.—Wanted data concerning Moses Bonnell, b.—1774. Res.—Washington Co., Pa. Married Hannah Buckingham, dau. Wm. Buckingham. Their son Henry Bonnell, b.—1809 m. Amelia Mattox, b. 1814, Locust Corner, Ohio. Also data concerning her father Elijah Mattox, Jr. and wife Eliza. Medaris and his father Elijah Mattox, Sr. and wife Mary Lindsey, dau. Hezekiah Lindsey.—Mrs. R. S. Cooke, 1143 W. Monroe St., Springfield, Ill.

K-'39. (a) Sterneman-Ritchie.—Birth and death date of Christian Sterneman, private, Revolutionary War, Captain Matthias Slough's Battalion of Flying Camp, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. (b) Information that William Ritchie, born 1729, died 1818, Drumore Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, fought in Revolutionary War or proof of material aid. (c) Names of parents of Daniel Sternemarr, born 1767, died 1851, New Danville or Conestoga Center, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.—Mrs. Edna M. Greulich, 1937 W. Airdrie St., N. Philadelphia, Penna.

K-'39. Lowry - Hamilton.—Wanted name and address of person submitting enquiry published in March issue of N. H. Magazine, in year 1932, regarding Hamilton-Lowry Family.—Redmond S. Cole, Box 92, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

K-'39. Hampton-Scull-Pierce.—Wanted ancestry and all possible information of Benjamin Hampton, son of Joseph Hampton, born Chester County, Pa., 1810;

married Patience Scull, daughter of John and Ann (Pierce) Scull, born Woodbury, N. J., 1815. Joseph had brothers Alexander and Wade; possibly others; Benjamin had brothers Thomas and Horatio. Andrew Pierce, father of Ann Scull had Abigail, Betsy, Mary, Jane, Joseph, Andrew-John.—Mrs. Walter William Sherman, 2422 Columbia Street, Olympia, Washington.

K-'39. (a) Gardiner-Gregg.—Wanted the ancestry of Robert L. Gardiner, born October 28, 1793 and Mary Gregg, his wife, married on September 10, 1823 Newburgh, New York.

(b).—Wanted also the ancestry and marriage record of Hannah Fisher, White Plains, 1840, marriage with Joseph Gardiner of the 1850ths. Newburgh, Garnterville, White Plains, New York.—Mr. Joseph E. Gardiner, 805 South Street, Newburgh, New York.

K-'39. (a) Beaver.—Wanted ancestry of Samuel L. Beaver, born Ringtown, Pa., September 1845. Think his father's name was John, his brothers Frank and John, his sisters Sally and Lavinia. After his parents died Samuel lived with a Calhoun family, then with a Haines family, who moved to Delphi, Indiana, where he lived with the Baums, and married Emma Weiser.

(b).—Wanted ancestry of Crosby Savage, who lived in Bangor, Maine, in 1814. His children were Polly, Hannah, Eliza, Samuel Crosby, Warren and John Crosby. His widow married John Adams in 1821.—(Mrs.) Audrea B. Hutson, 426 Third St., N. W., New Philadelphia, Ohio.

K-'39. Burnham.—In Vital Records of "Buckland, Colrain, and Montague, Mass." under the Births listed in Montague, Mass. are names of eight children born to James and Dorothy Burnham.

Wanted birthplaces of James Burnham and wife Dorothy, with parentage of each, and dates of births, marriages and deaths.—Mrs. H. W. Hurlbut, 917 Lansing Ave., Austin, Minnesota.

K-'39. (a) Rand-Parker.—Want ancestry of Walter Rand, Rev. soldier, Isle of Wight County, Va., later Wake Co., N. C., and his wife, Mary Parker. His brother William was Clerk of Court, Cumberland Co., N. C. until 1840. Was John Rand, member of Provincial Congress, Halifax,

N. C. their father? Did they descend from Colonel William and Elizabeth (Beverly) Rand?

(b) **Curtis.**—Martha, dau. of John Curtis, married John Rand in Wake N. C., 1896; removed to Franklin County Ala., where she died 1849. Want her ancestry and any information on Curtis family. Will gladly exchange data with Rand-Parker-Curtis descendants.—Mrs. Jerome A. Esker, 107 East Main Street, Norwalk, Ohio.

K-39. Elliott-Alexander.—Wanted the ancestry of Abram Elliott born Guilford Co. North Carolina March 10, 1780; d September 15, 1848 in New Castle, Indiana and of his wife Jean or Jane Alexander born Feb 14, 1782; died Aug. 29, 1833. See Hazzard's History of Henry Co. Indiana—page 1038 for his history.—Eleanor R. Tomlinson, 89 Llewellyn Road.

K-39. Robinson.—Jane, Robinson, b. May 16, 1779 in Westmoreland Co. Pa. M. May 1803 or May 1804 d. Oct. 1842 in Butler Pa. has a revolutionary ancestor—who is he?—Mrs. Andrew F. Morris, Hannibal, Mo.

K-39. White.—Wanted parentage of Thomas White, married Soloma Pierce, February 19, 1799. Thomas White lived at Middleboro, or Freetown, Mass. Is he a descendant of Captain, Col. Ebenezer White.—Mrs. A. E. Myers, 9½ East Webster St., Marshalltown, Iowa.

K-39. Sharkey.—John Sharkey, son of Patrick Sharkey and wife Ann—born about 175— Augusta Co. Va. moved to Botetourt Co. Want John's Revolutionary service and his wives name. Don't know if he married in Va. or Knoxville, Tenn. Where he moved 178— died there a few years after 1800. Patrick (his father) was Ensign in Capt. Robinson's Co. Augusta Co. 1742.—Mrs. Anne Darden Cruger, 4101 Newton, Dallas, Texas.

K-39. Barksdale-Head.—Wanted all information possible on Hudson Barksdale born November 10, 1786 Albemarle Co., Va.; married Sally Wood April 5, 1813. Is this the same as Hudson C. Barksdale who married Lucinda Head September 4, 1813 and went to Todd Co., Ky. after 1824 and settled on Renfroe's Lake near Trenton, Ky.—Anna Barksdale Maben, 302 W 13th Street, Hopkinsville, Ky.

K-39. Holmes.—Wanted ancestry of James Holmes, born Scarborough, Maine, 1740, possibly son of Samuel. Family came from Londonderry, Ireland with Pastor McGregor, Gilmores, Jamesons, Rankins. James married, 1st Rebecca, daughter of Robert McKenney and Margaret Jimmerson and granddaughter of Robert McKenney and Rebecca Sparks. James removed to Cornish, Maine, 1774 and married Racheal Hill Crowley, widow. Was James in Revolution?—(Mrs.) Bertha Holmes Drew, 3 Charles St., Sanford, Maine.

K-39. (a) Derrin.—Wanted ancestors of Rachel Derrin b 1735 d 1815—mentioned as recipient of a bounty grant of land; m Matthias Quattlebaum b 1730 d 1806—lived in Virginia—moved to S. C. gave Rev. War service there. Their children: John, Peter (m Ann Catherine Cappelmann), Mary, Maud Christine, Gertrude, Nancy, Leah, Rachel, Joseph, Matthias.

(b) **Cappelmann.**—Wanted ancestors of Ann Catherine Cappelmann b 1755 d 1835 (widow of Jacob Sligh) m Peter Quattlebaum b 1754 d before 1810. Their children; Peter m Ruth Sloan, Joseph, two daughters.—Mrs. Thaddeus Ed Dodge, Albany, Texas.

K-39. (a) Albert-Linn.—Albert, William Albert m Sarah Brewer 3 Apr. 1792 Kitty Albert m George Bower 9 Nov. 1788 Winchester, Va. Who were the Parents of these Alberts. George Bower moved to Zanesville Ohio.

(b) **Linn-Levi.**—Will dated 27 Aug. 1824 is in Hagerstown, Md. Court records Who were his Parents? Wanted any Linn or Lynn data.—Mrs. H. D. Munson, 134 57th St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

K-39. Fiske-Whitney.—Amos Fiske, born Waltham, Middlesex Co., Mass. April 25, 1754. Married Mary Whitney of Weston Mass. born Dec. 11-1744, dau. of William, on May 29, 1777. Was in Revolution, and removed to Ohio. Would like information of living descendants or their whereabouts.—Mrs. Dora Fisk Hansen, 818 63rd Pl., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

K-39. (a) Powell-Taylor.—Would like to correspond with descendants of Rhoda Powell, who was born in Laurens Dist. So. Car. She married Philip Wait

and about 1830 they emigrated to one of the eastern counties of Alabama.

(b).—Would like to correspond with descendants of Virginia Powell, who was born in Laurens Dist. So. Car. She married Zachariah Taylor and about 1830 they moved to a plantation near Bowling Green, Kentucky. After their death their children moved over into Missouri.—Katharine Lee deVeau, 1783 South Irving Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

K-39. Curtis.—Wanted information of, and the names of the parents of Samuel Curtis, who was born in North Carolina near Hendersonville. He was born Feb. 9, 1750, died Jan. 24, 1846. He fought in the American Revolution, this information is on his grave. We want facts so we can use his line. He is buried in Old Spring Hill Alabama, Marengo County.—Mrs. Ernest Sheppard Campbell, 508 Selma Ave., Selma, Ala.

K-39. (a) Hoisington.—John Hoisington was mentioned first in Farmington, Conn. 1713 where he died Nov. 20, 1728. His wife Elizabeth is named administratrix in inventory of estate taken Dec. 15, 1728. Wanted ancestry of both John Hoisington and wife Elizabeth and a data possible. One son, Ebenezer married Elizabeth Miller and moved to Windsor, Vt.

(b) **Wells.**—Wanted parentage of Thomas Wells whose will was probated 1793 in Hartford County, Hartford, Conn. also wanted name and all information possible of his wife who died Oct. 28, 1781, as listed in West Hartford church records. Their sons Timothy and George served in the Revolutionary War, having enlisted from Farmington, Conn.—Ellen Nelson, 60 West Silver St., Westfield, Mass.

K-39. (a) Cortright-Decker.—Wanted parentage of Cornelius Cortright (or Kortright) born about 1776 (died 12-28-1836 aged 60) and his wife Phebe Decker, born about 1780 (died 2-9-1846 aged 66). They settled in Candor, Tioga Co., N. Y. 1805 with a son Simeon.

(b).—Wanted ancestry of Henry Lewis of Delaware Co., N. Y., and his second wife Mercy Holloway. Their daughter Harriet born 9-1-1807 married Levi Cortright 8-10-1828. Other children were William born 1800 m Almira Early; Abigail m Joshua Mead; Jerusha m John Hood; Holloway

m Phoebe Williams; and Josephus Lewis who m Melissa Barlow of Walton, N. Y. and in 1869 moved to Iowa.—Mrs. Maud H. Waterman, 1603 Evarts St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

K-39. (a) Morse-Austin.—Who were parents of Mary Morse who married Charles Searcy August 19, 1787 in Granville County, North Carolina and removed with him to Madison County Kentucky?

(b).—Want parentage of Elizabeth Austin, b. 1758, d. 1838, married about 1780, Peter Chapin, Berkshire County Mass. Both buried in Tyringham Mass.—Mrs. H. V. Mercer 3800 Zenith Ave. S. Minneapolis Minn.

K-39. (a) Dodge.—Wanted parentage of Elizabeth Dodge, b Feb. 23, 1788/9 at Salem, Mass., who m. Daniel Harris July 1, 1810, Salem, Mass.

(b) **Davis.**—Wanted birth and death of Jonathan Gardner Davis m Susannah Morse Jan. 30, 1800 Methuen, Mass., also his parentage.—Mrs. Arthur G. Low, Derry, N. H.

K-39. Ransom.—Barzilla Ransom, born New York City, Dec. 29, 1795, soldier war of 1812; md Jan. 1, 1829, Harriet Jane Spelman, Son of Barzilla, Ransom, N. Y. City, who md Sarah Ponlay. Want the Ransom ancestry. Are they descended from Robert Ransom, of Plymouth, Mass. in 1630's?—Mrs. George Montgomery, 525 Balboa St., Costa Mesa, California.

K-39. Row-Guffin.—Ancestry wanted of both John Row and his wife Sally Guffin, who were married Maysville, Kentucky Jan. 4, 1799. Sally Guffin Row married second Eli West Jan. 9, 1806 and moved to Fayette Co. Ohio. John and Sally Row's children were Mary, Margaret and Andrew. Andrew Guffin signed John Row and Sally Guffin's marriage bond.—Mrs. Harry M. Rankin, 416 East St., Washington Court House, Ohio.

K-39. Parker-Vann-Register-North Carolina.—Will the person who entered inquiry No. 15144 April 1934 or others interested in families named Robinson, Doughtry, King, Swann, Mathis, Carlton, Vann, Register, Parker from Sampson, Gates, Duplin, Chowan, Northampton, Edgecombe Counties, North Carolina, please write Robert Wallace Parker, 3701 Mass. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

HERALDRY

JEAN STEPHENSON • *Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley*

The Use of the Lozenge

IN an earlier article it was indicated that the shape of the shield was of no importance, that many styles of shields have been popular during the six hundred years coats of arms have been used, and that the particular shape selected in any case was chiefly a matter of the taste of the herald, with, nowadays, due allowance for the period in which the arms were first granted or used, the purpose of the achievement, etc. This is true as far as the shape of the shield is concerned. But it must be remembered that arms are not always shown on a shield. Prior to the sixteenth century, the various forms used usually had little significance, but by that time the custom was fairly well fixed that some form of shield was used, even in decorative heraldry, if the arms shown were those of a man, but that a woman did not use a shield.

Arms of a woman, except one who is in her own right a sovereign, are not shown on a shield, but on a lozenge, that is, in a diamond-shaped frame. When arms had a utilitarian purpose, the shield was part of the armour of a warrior, and it was obviously improper for the feminine sex to use armour. A woman does not use in her armorial insignia either a helmet, a crest or the mantelling. The reason is apparent; the crest was to aid in identifying a man in battle, when his helmet concealed his face. A woman did not go into battle; she did not wear a helmet; therefore, she needed no such identification. The mantelling, which represented another portion of a knight's equipment, was also considered inappropriate for the use of women. The motto, being a war cry, was not to be used by women. The arms, however, were different. A woman might with propriety, if unmarried, use her father's arms, or her late husband's, if a widow, to show the family to which she belonged. However, to make it clear that the articles so marked were those of a woman and not of a warrior, the arms were shown in a lozenge. This form was in common use as early as 1400 and was a definite requirement by 1561.

The lozenge has varied slightly from century to century. Sometimes it is shown as a square turned on edge, that is, with the four sides equal. Sometimes it is shown in a true diamond shape, longer from top to bottom than across. It has even been shown with a curved line between the points so that it might almost be deemed an oval, this being a favorite

style on the Continent during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Frequently the arms of an unmarried woman or spinster will be surmounted or even surrounded by a "true lovers' knot" of blue ribbon. This probably originated because heralds were trying to find an artistic substitute for the mantelling surrounding the shield used by a man, and also because it was a convenient way of showing the arms were those of a "maiden" and not those of a widow. It is not necessary, however, and is often omitted and an ornamental border used instead.

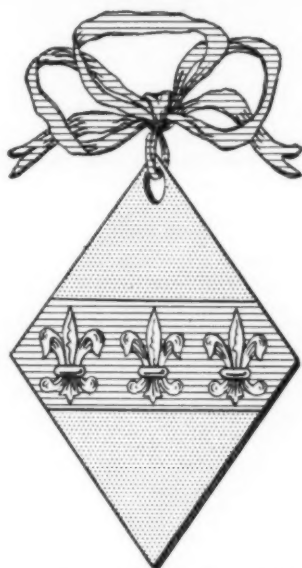
The use of arms by women increased as time went on and there are many examples of them in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They will be found on memorials to the dead, on articles of household use and of personal adornment, and later, very frequently, on rings. The lozenge shape lends itself particularly well to use as a seal or signet ring. Not infrequently a bride would use her "maiden arms", in the proper lozenge form, on the linens and silver she took to her husband.

An important aid to genealogical research in Colonial days is the use by married women. Now and then, on some document, of a seal ring showing arms in lozenge form. Investigation usually shows it to be her father's arms, the ring being apparently one that she had before her marriage and which was used for convenience. It must not be assumed, however, that the signatures on all documents of the Colonial period which are sealed with arms in lozenge form are those of women. Sometimes when a document was prepared a seal was needed and a ring borrowed from anyone nearby. There is one Maryland paper of the Revolutionary period, an agreement between seven men, on which the seal after each name is in sealing wax with an identical impression in lozenge form. On investigation it was found that the arms shown are those of the father of the wife of the man at whose house the document was signed, although neither her father nor her husband signed it!

The lozenge form is used by both single (unmarried) women and by widows. If it bears a single coat of arms, it is either that of an unmarried woman or of a widow whose father used no arms and who, therefore, bears her late husband's arms alone.

The depicting of arms of a married woman during the lifetime of her husband will be discussed next month.

Leonard

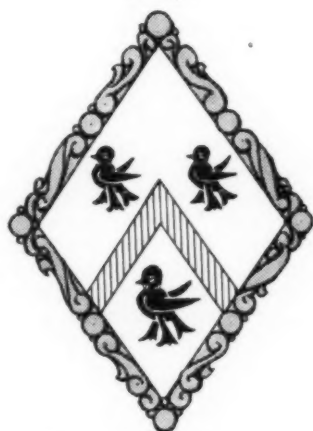


Arms: Or, on a fesse azure, three fleurs-de-lis argent.

Crest: Out of a ducal coronet or, a leopard's head argent.

(Crest not shown, as these are the arms of a woman.)

Elwyn



Arms: Argent, a chevron gules between three martlets sable.

Crest: A buck's head proper. Or a stag's head erased proper, horns or.

(Crests not shown, as these are the arms of a woman.)

FAMILIES named Leonard living chiefly in Co. Kent, Co. Essex, and Hampshire, England, used at an early date the arms here shown. One in Ireland prior to the time of Henry VIII used arms sufficiently similar to indicate some ancient connection between the families.

Five Leonard families, also in Co. Kent and Co. Essex, used a variation, i. e., the fesse or band was gules (red) instead of azure (blue) and the fleur-de-lis were or (gold) instead of argent (silver). Some used the same crest as that described for the arms shown; others used different crests. Another Leonard family varied it by having eagles' heads on the shield, and a lion's paw in place of one fleur-de-lis. There were several other Leonard arms that are totally different from those described.

The descendants of Henry Leonard who settled in New Jersey at an early date used the arms shown. If this use is authentic, an unmarried woman descendant of his, by the name of Leonard, would use arms in the form here shown.

ELWIN, Elwyn, and Ellwyn families in and near Co. Norfolk, England, used arms as shown, or variations thereof. On one variation, the chevron is engrailed. In another three bears' heads take the place of the three martlets. Different crests were used in some cases, however.

An Elwon family of Co. York used "Or, on a chevron between four martlets, three in chief and one in base, gules, three mascles of the first." This apparently is a variation of the arms shown; the crest is identical with the stag's head crest of one of the Co. Norfolk families, except that three mascles have been added to it.

There was at least one other Elwyn arms, distinctly different from that here described.

The arms shown are the maiden arms of an heiress of Elwyne in the time of Henry VI who married William Cobbe of Sandringham, Co. Norf. They are also the maiden arms of Sarah Elwyn of Hingham, Co. Norfolk, who married Michael Metcalf and came to New England in 1637.

Heraldic language

Or Argent Sable Gules Azure Vert

(ENGLISH)

Steel Gold Silver Black Red Blue Green



PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



"There are those who never reason on what they should do, but on what they have done; As if reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backward."—FIELDING

DUTIES OF TELLERS

HOW I wish I could meet each and every one of you face to face! Instead "wide open spaces" lie between us and I must rely on my pen and my "red pencil" to bring us as close together as possible. As your "Umpire" I assure you I have the interests of each and everyone at heart; that I *do* understand your problems and that I *do* want to help you in the friendliest possible way. But the fact that I am your Parliamentarian makes it absolutely impossible for me to maintain anything but an unbiased and absolutely fair attitude and to answer all of your questions according to the interpretations as given by our chosen authority.

I feel that it is my prerogative at this time to say again that every chapter officer and every interested member should procure a copy of the Handbook and study it. When a question is answered in the article in a magazine, please do not write me that you noted the statement as made in the magazine, but you were not sure that it applied to *your* chapter; that your chapter had always followed a certain procedure and had never been told it was wrong; that you do not see why you have to change your rules at this late date.

Now it is a fact that the National By-laws can only be interpreted in one way, and have been interpreted in one way for many years, and it is a fact that all chapters are legislated for by the National Organization and no chapter is an exception to the rule. Each and every chapter must obey the National Rules and, if chapter by-laws carry provisions conflicting with the National Rules, these same chapter by-laws should be declared null and *void*.

I believe the trouble lies in the fact that chapter by-laws, in many cases, were writ-

ten years ago and were never corrected, but were accepted by the chapters without question. Some chapters have followed certain rules for thirty-odd years and have never investigated as to whether or not these rules conflicted with National By-laws. As I have said before, revise your by-laws, bring them up to date and there will be less confusion and no more misunderstanding.

For the information of State Regents, I wish to say that it has always been the policy of the Parliamentarian, when questioned on matters pertaining to state work, that she send a copy of any opinion she might give to the State Regent, assuming of course that the State Regent would like to have this information at hand. Any opinion given, of course, is based upon the facts as presented and your Parliamentarian renders her opinion according to National By-laws and Robert's Rules of Order Revised.

A recent question which came to your Parliamentarian on two different occasions proves that the matter of chapters of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution joining other organizations and taking part in their programs should be discussed. One question was "Can a chapter join a State Historical Federated Club?" and another one was "Is it possible for a D. A. R. chapter to become a member of a Civic Federated group, paying dues, etc.?"

My answer is: On page 650 of the Proceedings of the Forty-second Continental Congress (1933), you will find the copy of a resolution on "*non-affiliation*." This matter was discussed at length at this time, and it was voted that chapters cannot affiliate in any way with other organizations or groups of organizations, but that it may

cooperate when it seems advisable with any organization having objects kindred to its own. It was explained that the word "affiliate" here means to attach to, or unite with, a society or body. And the words "to cooperate" as they are used here mean to work to or for one end. If you affiliate with an organization, you pay dues to the other society. If you cooperate, you very informally go when you want to and take an unofficial part in the organization work. For instance, the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution cooperates with the Red Cross.

I have received several requests for information regarding the duties of tellers and I have decided today to discuss this subject and to give you definite information and reference pages where you may find the information for yourself. One thing I want to bring out clearly in the very beginning; it is this: *Tellers are not judges of election. The assembly decides all doubtful questions.*

On page 561 of Robert's "Parliamentary Law" you will find the proper form which should be the report of tellers in an election, and every vote that is cast should be accounted for. You will note that the tellers' report should include: "number of votes cast, number of votes necessary for election, the illegal votes, and the votes for Mrs. A, Mrs. B, and Mrs. C." The number of votes cast must include the illegal votes. Blank ballots are ignored. If the tellers are not unanimous as to how they should credit a vote, they must report the facts to the assembly and ask for instructions. When the report is completed, the tally sheets should be signed by the tellers. The tellers should never announce the result. When the tellers report, the Chair repeats the report and announces who is elected. If the election is not questioned within a month, there is usually no use in preserving the ballots. If there is the slightest question raised, then it is necessary that these ballots be preserved and recounted and this should be done as quickly as possible.

Going back to the appointment of the tellers, Robert tells you that very serious difficulties arise in societies because of mistakes of the tellers, resulting sometimes in placing in office persons not elected. When this has been discovered after the new offi-

cers have been installed, it is bound to cause trouble. Usually the Chair appoints tellers and the tellers, like a Committee of Investigation, should never be appointed from one party. When there are two parties in the election, the tellers should be equally divided, or nearly so, between these two parties. "In no case, however, should incompetent or contentious tellers be appointed." Sometimes the ballots are required to be folded which gives tellers a little more trouble, but makes it more difficult for anyone to put in more than one ballot. If two ballots are folded together, both are rejected as illegal.

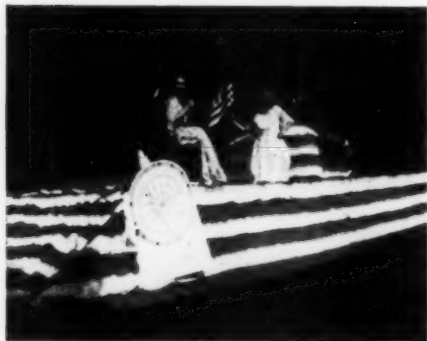
Tellers must be sure that those who vote are entitled to do so and tellers should not permit anyone to vote whom they do not know to be a member. The question has been asked many times if tellers are permitted to vote? Yes, tellers are permitted to vote and serving as a teller should not prevent the member from being a candidate.

During an election should there be a misunderstanding regarding the report of the tellers, any member is perfectly within her rights to request a full and complete report from the tellers, with an accounting of each and every vote. And unless there is a by-law which stipulates that tellers are not required to give a full report, this request should be complied with without a question, even though it has not been the custom for the tellers to give a full and complete report. I find that the word "precedent" is a very much abused and over-worked word when it suits an occasion and it makes no difference how many times you have failed to call for a full report of the tellers, it should be given when it is called for unless by a vote of the assembly it is decided that this should not be done. The proper way to do is to provide for these matters of the greatest importance in your by-laws; then there can be no question raised and no misunderstandings will ensue. (May I refer you to Robert's "Parliamentary Law", page 561, also pages 211, 216, 217, and 221; also 230 and 235? See also R. R. O. R., pages 195 and 196, and Robert's "Parliamentary Practice", pages 149, 153, 158, and 176-178.)

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. BOSS,
Parliamentarian.

★ NEWS ITEMS ★



THE PRIZE WINNING FLOAT WHICH WAS ENTERED BY THE STAMP DEFIANCE CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, IN THE RECENT PARADE CELEBRATING THE BICENTENNIAL OF THE GRANTING OF A CHARTER TO THE CITY

An Indiana Project

The Cemetery, which is known as Dale Cemetery, is beautifully located on top of a hill one half mile from Connersville. But the county road that leads to it is bleak and drear in winter, and lined with tall weeds in summer. The road, on leaving the city limits, first descends to a ravine, then climbs more sharply the longer part of the half mile to the Cemetery entrance. Such a depressing and inappropriate driveway for so beautiful a Cemetery!

That was five years ago. This article tells how the **John Conner Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., changed this unsightly road into a beautiful driveway.

It all began in a very unusual way. One of the chapter members that was very civic-minded died, and another member that loved her dearly gave five dollars to plant a tree in her memory. In casting about for a suitable place to plant the tree, the chapter finally hit upon this bleak Cemetery road. But it was quite evident that one little tree would be lost in so much roadway and so a whole avenue of American elms was planted. Both the summer and the winter took a heavy toll of the trees, but the chapter replaced them and fought weeds the following summer.

The Daughters then decided to extend the project to turfing the berms and con-

structing a walk on one side of the driveway. Since the original county road was too narrow to include the walk, one of the members and her husband gave the ground, six feet wide and running the length of the half mile of trees, for the right of way.

According to an agreement the county furnished the labor and the chapter furnished the materials. In order to raise the money to pay these seemingly endless bills, the Daughters used many methods. Among those most successful were card parties, picture shows, food sales, and a march of dimes.

By this time the entire community was interested and the county and city officials began cooperating in earnest. Approval was obtained for a WPA project to construct the walk and lay gutters of rock and cement on each side of the roadbed. Also included in the project were a flight of steps that leads into the Cemetery by a nearer way than the main entrance and a bridge with a balustrade over the ravine. The project also called for sod on the berms and the tree lawns planted to grass. Finally a boulder, weighing between seven and eight tons, was discovered and donated. A local foundry blasted it beautifully clean and the county placed it in position. The bronze marker was placed on the boulder by a local monument company, which also gave two stone seats to place along the walk. The county engineer made three more from cement and placed them artistically. Junipers were planted in groups at the boulder, by the steps, and at the bridge.

And so at last the project was declared finished, and it was recently dedicated as "Memorial Drive". The State Regent, Mrs. William H. Schlosser, came for the great event and made us happy with her beautiful dedicatory service. The tablet on the boulder reads "Memorial Drive in memory of the Deceased Members of the John Conner Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

CATHERINE CHILTON HULL,
*Historian, John Conner
Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.*

In observance of the anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United

States, the members of the **Betsy Ross Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., through the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education, arranged an interesting exhibit which was later presented to the Lawrence, Massachusetts, Public Library. Included were the following:

"The American's Creed"; The Preamble to the Constitution of the United States; Constitution Kit; autographed copy of "The Constitution Speaks" by Lucia Ramsey Maxwell; the "Story of the Constitution" by Sol Bloom; and posters illustrating the Constitution of the United States, "The Signing", a reproduction of the painting by Howard Chandler Christy; The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America; The 150th Anniversary of the Constitution by the President of the United States, "A Proclamation"; Copy of the Constitution of the United States; and reproduction of the painting by Howard Chandler Christy "We, the People".

The **Mary Morris Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Seattle, Washington, recently gave to the city and state a totem pole, carved by the late Chief William Shelton of Tulalip Indian tribe, as a Golden Jubilee commemorative gift, and also in honor of the memory of Washington's first governor, Elisha P. Ferry.

The pole, sixteen feet high, is unusual in that it has a spread eagle at the top. Chief Shelton carved only three totem poles, and this one is typical of legendary figures of the Tulalip tribe. At the presentation ceremony were the widow and sister of Chief Shelton, his daughter and two grandsons. Mayor Arthur B. Langlie accepted the gift for the city.

Valley Forge Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Norristown, Pennsylvania, recently made a pilgrimage to the grave of one of its Real Daughters, Mrs. Lucinda Rockwell Valentine, for the dedication of a bronze tablet to her memory.

Marking a site important in the early history of the Oregon Country, a memorial monument and a bronze marker on the oak tree, beneath which he is buried, were recently dedicated to the memory of Ewing Young by the **Champoeg Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Newberg, Oregon. The grave of Ewing Young, Yamhill County's first American settler, has popularly received

credit as the site of the initial step taken toward forming Oregon's provisional government, for it was there, on February 17, 1841, that his neighbors set the following day for a meeting to provide for the settlement of his estate and set in motion machinery for formation of a provisional government, finally established in 1843.

At the time of Young's death in 1841 there were no laws in the Oregon Country except those imposed by the Hudson Bay Company upon its employees. Ewing Young had died without heirs, leaving a large estate.

The new memorial to Young, erected for the chapter by a group of Civilian Conservation Corps boys from Camp Reeher, is eight feet long and six feet high, of native stone, with the inscription routed in cedar plates.

The organizing chapter regents of the **West Virginia Society**, N. S. D. A. R., have formed an organization known as **The West Virginia D. A. R. Chapter Founders Society**. It is the second in the National Society, the first being in Massachusetts. The organization took place in Huntington recently, and the first meeting will be held during the State Conference meeting in Bluefield from October 12 to 14.

West Virginia Daughters of the American Revolution are erecting an outdoor theater at the State 4-H Camp at Jacksons Mill, which occupies the farm on which General "Stonewall" Jackson spent his boyhood years.

The outdoor theater, to be modern in every respect, will be finished by 1940, the time of the Golden Jubilee of the National Society, and will be West Virginia Society's monument to the youth of the State. The 4-H Club work, now of national scope, originated in West Virginia, and it is most fitting that West Virginia's memorial should be one that will aid in preparing youth for the great responsibilities they must shoulder when their elders lay down the work.

Besides the 4-H activities at the camp, many church and civic organizations of the State send their boys and girls there annually for conferences and camp work. The memorial will also be a link by which the D. A. R. will keep in closer touch with young people of the State.

BOOK REVIEWS



The Growth of American Democracy.
Jeannette P. Nichols and Roy E. Nichols. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. \$5.00.

The experiment of creating in a virgin land a government holding all men equal before the law and attempting to give each individual an opportunity to "reach the level to which his abilities entitle him," "unhampered by any privileged group," is a unique one in world history.

The authors of "The Growth of American Democracy" discuss in detail, in a volume of over seven hundred closely printed pages, the two trends produced by the setting of this experiment. These are, they state, "the struggle for wealth and power" and the "desire for a larger measure of freedom and happiness for the individual." In this discussion they interweave the strands of economic development, political and cultural history.

To the writers the struggle is typified by two political parties, one of which in their mind favors only the "wealth and power interests" and one of which stands for "the rights of the common people."

As a whole the presentation is pessimistic and negative in tone, so that a careful perusal seems bound to produce in the mind of the reader a sense of frustration and defeat. He will be ill prepared, therefore, for the final paragraphs beginning, "America's democracy has marched on from achievement to achievement, always with a sense of great power and high purpose."

The book is nevertheless a scholarly work giving evidence of an immense amount of research, abounding in detail. If it tends to dwell upon the sordid, the selfish and the bungling statesmanship, which this nation has too often had, and to sound throughout the keynote of defeatism, it is for this very reason a book to

be carefully studied. America and Americans possess among their unique characteristics a lack of resentment of criticism. Indeed they accept it with a twinkle in the eye and are quite ready to learn from it. Certainly such a book is more valuable than one which tends toward the theory that "America has always been gloriously right in all that she has done." But neither the "all right" nor the "all wrong" presentation seems to agree with what Al Smith has termed "The record!"

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

The Westward Movement. Ina Faye Woestermeyer and J. Montgomery Gambrill. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. \$3.00.

Source material has always been the well-spring of pleasure for the initiated few. For in the raw materials of history, such as diaries, journals and documents, lies a sense of deep reality which no interpretation has ever preserved.

There is, it appears, an increasing tendency on the part of writers of books to present more and more of this raw material to their readers, linking it together with a minimum amount of interpretation.

The present book, according to the introduction, is intended for use in high school and college courses, as well as for those individuals interested in social science or literary fields.

The materials were selected with a view to indicating the influences which attracted settlers to the frontier and to picture the consequent expansion with its changing economic and political picture, in short, as the title indicates, the many aspects of the westward movement.

The three main divisions, "The Lure of the West," "The Spread of People from Coast to Coast" and "Progress of the Fron-

tiers of Culture," would appear to be successful groupings.

But to the reviewer there seemed to be a lack of interesting source material written by the settlers themselves. Perhaps this is due to the inclusion of much material chosen for pedagogical reasons only. The book, however, is a conscientious compilation and no doubt will be successfully used by teachers. Its appeal for the younger student for whom it is intended is rather doubted.

The illustrations are included not in separate pages but in groups of several pages. These illustrations are unusually well selected. They help give freshness and life to the book.

Several pages of lists and notes on the available bibliography and literature of the frontier are appended.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

Through Centuries Three. William Henry Tappey Squires. Printercraft Press, Portsmouth, Virginia. \$10.

"Through Centuries Three" is an imposing volume with its handsome binding and attractive illustrations which were selected with artistic discrimination from a collection of more than a thousand pictures, many of them very old and rare. Even more attractive is the style of the presentation of the text that absorbs and holds the attention of the reader throughout its length of six hundred pages. The author has achieved a history of three hundred years of Virginia as fascinating in its interest as fiction, glamorous and colorful, yet authentic, as attested by his five hundred footnotes. In commenting upon these, Dr. Squires says:

"The humble footnote marks the author's path. History is not fiction, but a drama rich with the spoils of time. We were not present on the field of battle; we have never met Sebastian Cabor or Comte de Grasse. We must follow others . . . hence the footnote which explains why it is said and who said it."

The book opens with the thrilling story of the gallant and farseeing Sir Walter Raleigh with his dreams of colonization of the vast territory in America called Virginia in honor of the virgin queen, Elizabeth. Raleigh inspired group after group of colonists with his dauntless spirit of

adventure and, while his funds and his life lasted, he held fast to his hope of establishing in the New World an English colony of Christian civilization. The buoyant spirit and strong human touch with which the author records the indescribable sufferings, hardships, tragedies and bitter struggles keeps the story vivid and interesting to the end. Heroes and heroines are truthfully honored. Brilliant exploits and villainous performances, holding life and liberty in light regard, share a place in this pageant of history with the elegance and display of the viceregal court of Williamsburg under some of its governors.

Dr. Squires has divided his story into seven books or eras and one hundred and twenty-eight chapters, each chapter devoted to a governor of Virginia.

To the historian-author, nothing of historical happening is unimportant or trivial. Hence, within the covers of "Through Centuries Three" may be found records of Indian raids and massacres, African slave sellers, tobacco growing and shipping; also a wealth of information about the manners, customs, and traditions of the first families at Jamestown and their historic homes of notable architectural construction.

Dr. Squires, with his mastery of classic English and his close attention to the veracity of statements so efficiently demonstrated by his ample documentation, has given to his Virginia trilogy a quality that will insure its use by future generations. Without question, a century hence his name will be known and honored for this Virginia history that contains so much more of Colonial and subsequent history of this state than is found in any other similar work.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

The Blackburn Genealogy, with notes on the Washington Family Through Intermarriage, Containing Historical Facts on Virginia Lore and Mount Vernon, Including Records of Allied Families. Compiled by Vinnetta Wells Ranke, 1466 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. \$7.50.

When the author first thought of compiling the Blackburn Genealogy, she knew what a formidable task lay before her. Delving into published and unpublished

records of county courthouses and official archives cost her a great deal more labor than is apparent. However, it is to be noted that volume and page have been given for reference when known. The entries throughout the book were obtained from county records of each state.

This genealogy deals with the Blackburns of the South. Edward and Richard Blackburn, brothers, born in Rippon, England, came to America in the early part of the 18th century, settling in Prince William County, Virginia. Richard, born in 1705, owner of Rippon Lodge, Prince William County, Virginia, married Mary Watts. It is this line that intermarried with the Washington family.

It is interesting to note that Colonel Thomas Blackburn, son of Richard and Mary Watts Blackburn, during the Revolutionary War quartered a regiment of Continental troops on his place a whole winter, clothed and fed them and in the spring sent them back to the army free of expense. "He was one of those firm and unshaken patriots who fought and bled for that independence which we now enjoy," Anna Blackburn, daughter of Colonel Thomas and Christian Scott Blackburn, married Bushrod Washington, the favorite nephew of General George Washington in 1785.

There is some notice of the family in England. The first of the name of Blackburn to emigrate to America was Walter Blackburne or Blackburn, who came from England to Roxbury, Massachusetts, about 1638 and settled shortly afterward at Boston. Other families treated are Ball, Straughn and Wells.

The book as a whole gives evidence of many years of patient and thoughtful compilation and should give much pleasure to genealogists and members of the family. The value of the book is enhanced by an index.

MARIE TATE.

The Dutch Country. Cornelius Weygandt. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York. \$4.

Through the many sections of this book, such as "Bells, Now, or Horns?", "Pie Cherries and Cherry Pies", "Seven Trips to Nockamixon", "Plain Clothes and Prog-

ress", we find the habits, customs, arts and crafts of the Pennsylvania Dutch vividly portrayed by a "Pennsylvania Dutchman". Dr. Weygandt writes intimately of the unique culture of this group which embraces so much Old World charm and simplicity.

We learn of the button boxes and the women "who have buried or divorced their worse halves but whose treasure box of buttons has been cherished from childhood." And of the "Last of the Potters", Jacob Medinger, whose pie dish containing the legend "I made this dish without a pie, now try and make a pie without a dish" is now treasured as one of Dr. Weygandt's personal possessions.

The author discusses in a section entitled "Six Adjectives to Dutch" the six characteristics of the Dutch as laid down by the lady from Maryland, who said: "My folks have all the Dutch characteristics. They are hard-working, saving, stay-at-home, clumsy, plain and mean." Dr. Weygandt owns to the "hard-working" and to the "saving", and accepts the "stay-at-home" with reservations. He questions, however, the "clumsy", the "plain" and the "mean".

In his chapter on "Dutch Delicacy", he tells us that "the rest of America does not associate delicacy with us of Dutchland. It knows about our belief in work, our thrift, our concern with food, our devotion to church, but despite much writing about the pen and brushwork of Ephrata and about the deft craftsmanship of our glass-blowers at Manheim, the world as infrequently associates delicacy with our artisanry and a feeling for beauty with us as the Old World peoples associate those qualities with America in general."

Again, we learn that "there is no part of America in which you will find richer treasure of folk art than in Pennsylvania Dutchland." Dr. Weygandt further says, "I came home the other day with five distinct sorts of items of such art from an afternoon's round out through Montgomery and Chester counties to the Welsh Mountain and the South Mountain in Berks and Lancaster." Indeed, to read "The Dutch Country" is to become familiar with the countryside, its people, their ways, avocations and possessions.

VIRGINIA ALLEN.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Advancement of American Music

Across the U.S.A. With Our Composers



EDWARD ALEXANDER MAC DOWELL

SINCE there was no committee report last month and the December space will be devoted to Christmas music, this article is made to cover some of the composers born in the states suggested for October, November and December. (See report, September, 1939.)

Without doubt the most outstanding composer born in the states suggested for October is Edward Alexander MacDowell, whose silhouette appears above. He was born in New York City, December 18, 1861, of Scotch-Irish ancestry that gave him his artistic tendencies and sensitivity of temperament.

His service to music began in Germany during his European studies when he did some teaching and composing under the pen name of Edgar Thorn. His work continued in Boston as a private teacher and at Columbia University as a professor of music. It was during his Columbia professorship that he wrote his sonatas and many of his other large works.

Several of MacDowell's compositions with descriptive titles, including the familiar "To A Wild Rose" were written in the log cabin on his farm at Peterborough, New Hampshire, that he so dearly loved.

"A House of Dreams untold
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops
and faces the setting sun."

He continued his teaching winters in New York until he finally was completely overcome by the nervous breakdown which had been threatening him for some time. He died January 23, 1908, and was buried on an open hillside on the edge of his Peterborough farm. It is the spot where he often sat at eventide, watching the sun set behind Mt. Monadnock.

Edward MacDowell's very life was music. His compositions show a comprehensive knowledge of the technique of composition and are full of deep musical feeling. Many are published in groups under such titles as "Woodland Sketches," "Fireside Tales" and "New England Idyls."

These compositions alone would make him live again for us, but there is that great living reminder—the MacDowell Colony. Those musicians, writers and painters, who have been privileged to work during the summer months in the deep New Hampshire woods, have felt the presence of the composer and have been inspired to create and carry on. Like the old white pine to which is dedicated the seventh "New England Idyl," the spirit of Edward MacDowell lives on,

"A giant of an ancient race,
He stands, a stubborn sentinel
O'er swaying, gentle forest trees,
That whisper at his feet."

Of the composers native to the states suggested for November, Stephen Collins Foster of Pennsylvania is most known and loved for his folksong compositions. However, his story is so familiar that it may be of interest here to single out the Nevin family of composers of that same state.

The Nevin brothers, Ethelbert Woodbridge and Arthur Finley, were born in Edgeworth, Pennsylvania, the first on November 25, 1862, the second on April 27, 1871. Ethelbert, pianist and teacher, lived only thirty-eight years, but in that short time proved himself to be a master in the smaller musical forms. His "Narcissus" from the Suite, "Water Scenes" for piano and his famous song "The Rosary" are known far and wide. His "Barchetta," Op. 21, No. 3, and "Shepherds All" and "Maidens Fair," Op. 16, No. 2, for piano are

less known, but are used by many discriminating musicians. Likewise the vocal duet "Oh! That We Two Were Maying," is in the repertoire of many outstanding singers.

The brother, Arthur Finley Nevin, seems to have had a broader interest in composition than did the older musician. He has written shorter piano pieces and songs but has also been successful with the larger musical forms. He has composed several suites for orchestra, a cantata, a masque and two operas. One of the operas, which he calls by the name "Poia," is based upon material he gathered while living in Montana among the Blackfoot Indians. It was presented on April 23, 1910, at the Royal Opera House in Berlin and was the first American opera to be accepted there.

A cousin of these two brothers is George Balch Nevin. He was born in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, in 1859 and spent most of his life in Easton, Pennsylvania. His musical interest centered in the field of church music. Among his compositions are several cantatas and a setting of Sidney Lanier's "Into the Woods My Master Went." This member of the Nevin family might be called "a part-time musician," for he divided his time between music and a wholesale paper business. His son, Gordon Balch Nevin, who was born in Easton, Pennsylvania, in 1892 has made music his profession.

As a composer, this younger Nevin has written mostly for the organ. His "Sonata Tripartite" is one of his larger outstanding numbers and his "Will O' the Wisp," one of his most charming shorter compositions. He plays the instrument for which he composes and has held organ positions in his native state and in Cleveland, Ohio. At the present time, he is director of music at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania.

From the suggestions for December, we choose a woman—Lily Strickland whose music is a real travelog. She was born in Anderson, South Carolina, January 28, 1887, but has lived in many parts of the world, including nine years in India. Since her marriage to Mr. J. Courtney Anderson in 1911, she has made her home in New York.

Miss Strickland is a gifted composer. She seems to possess the ability to write into her compositions the spirit of the country she seeks to interpret at the moment. Sometimes it is far away India in "Through an Indian Gateway" and again in the "Bayou Songs" it is her own native south. In addition to her many songs, piano suites and a lovely "Romance" for violin, she has composed in the larger musical forms for both instruments and voice. Altogether she has published more than two hundred compositions.

JANET CUTLER MEAD,
National Chairman.

Filing and Lending Bureau

NOW that chapter programs are arranged and it is necessary for chapter members to obtain material on many subjects, the value of the Filing and Lending Bureau is becoming more evident. The increased use of the radio by chapter and state chairmen has called into use many papers in the files covering the work of the various committees and also radio addresses. One chapter is presenting a five minute historical sketch at each chapter meeting in addition to the regular speaker, all material coming from either state or National files. Many of the papers will be condensed, but are being used to bring to the membership often forgotten, but interesting, incidents or facts of American history.

We have had many requests for information regarding the historic sites marked by our organization in the various states and for papers on historic homes restored by chapters for use as museums or chapter houses. If the markers and historic buildings in which the Society has had a part in restoring have not been included in a well written paper available to members, why don't you plan to compile such information as a state project? While the Historian General's office attempts to keep a file of such efforts on the part of chapters, very few states have an interesting paper on "D. A. R. Markers of Our State." Your chairman would be proud to report to the Congress in April that such a file of state papers had been completed. Many chap-

ters know little of the sites that have been marked outside of their own community and I am sure papers would fill a long felt want.

Many chapters will be interested to know that the American Red Cross has made available for chapter meetings films dealing with the history and activities of the American Red Cross. They include "Footsteps", "Why not Live", "Behind the Flood Lines", "The Greatest Mother" and "The American Red Cross to the Rescue." The newest one, "Footsteps", a one reel motion picture, portrays the drama and romance that make up the lives of the nurses who serve—the training and the splendid work performed by those who enroll for emergency duty in times of disaster. The immeasurably valuable instruction in home care of the sick by the Home Hygiene Nurse is set forth and finally there are pictures of the Public Health Nursing Service where skilled nurses are shown at their work among the needy.

These films may be obtained in either silent or talking picture form without charge, except for the actual shipping expense, by writing to

Douglas Griesemer, Director of Public Relations
American Red Cross
19 East 47th Street
New York City, New York.

They come in two sizes, 16 mm. sound or silent and 35 mm. sound.

Our own files contain slides on much of our committee work; use them and make interesting programs.

MRS. FRANK W. BAKER,
National Chairman.

Press Relations

IT was September and school opening time was here. Johnnie had "heered that there war a school over the mountains where he might git some larnin'." So, equipped with nothing but faith and determination, he trudged the fifty miles over the mountain, barefoot and alone—only to find when he reached the school that there was no room for him! It was crowded to capacity already. So back to his cabin home he trudged, heartsick and disappointed. But the story of his effort was publicized and literally dozens of persons,

touched by it, have made possible the building of a new dormitory for boys at that Approved School. He will have the first room.

Recently the Daughters in a western state dedicated a beautiful and commemorative marker. The story of its significance appeared in several magazines, each time accompanied by favorable editorial comment.

Not so long ago a D. A. R. state press chairman wrote for her county newspaper the story of Ellis Island and the reclamation work done there by the Daughters. Because of the response to that story the Society in that State was able to secure sewing machines for the work at the Island at absolute cost.

This summer, when one of the great western states was celebrating the golden jubilee of her statehood, the Daughters of that state participated actively and uniquely. At one event, a salmon barbecue, they acted as hostesses, providing forty-eight tables, one for each state in the Union, and each presided over by a native Daughter of that state. Such capable co-operation merited and received gracious publicity.

One could go on and on, citing examples of the splendid publicity that is continually extended to the Daughters. To merit this and to secure its continuance may all who are press chairmen give to the work their best effort. The following suggestions may be helpful:

1. *Know what the Daughters do.* Please be sure that you are very familiar with the widely extensive work done by the Daughters. *You cannot tell what you do not know.* It will be wise, therefore, to read carefully the brochure of letters sent out by the National Society. These outline in detail the work being done this year. You will also want to know thoroughly the D. A. R. Handbook. If you have access to the proceedings of Continental Congress, read that book carefully. Our NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE will keep you posted on our monthly progress and changes. In brief, be informed.

2. *Know how to tell what you know.* Study most carefully the D. A. R. Press Handbook. It will tell you how to pass on what you want others to know.

3. *Cultivate every opportunity for publicity* and express appreciation when it is extended. Please remember that publicity, which may be free to us, is of cost to the paper, so do not forget a word of appreciation and thanks.

4. Finally, in all of our press work may we realize fully that a free press is one of the great formulators of public opinion. It is part of the foundation of a Democracy. Therefore, when we gain favorable publicity for the work which we are doing to perpetuate American ideals and to set our own house in order, we are increasing the scope of our influence. We are furthering our work to keep alive Democracy in this day when reason and tolerance and democracy are so sore beset by prejudice and hatred and dictatorship. The moral—let's work as never before for increased publicity.

ETHEL S. ZIMMERMAN,
National Chairman.



Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

NOVEMBER is here again. Chill winds blow from the north and the beautiful outline of bare trees against a light snowy background remind us of those days of long ago, when a little band of Pilgrims braved the hardships of a stormy sea and a new and hostile world and landed on the coast of what is now Massachusetts.

Always at Thanksgiving time one's mind turns back to this little group with the realization that, were it not for them, perhaps many of us would not be here in these United States of America today. We think of why they came—that they might worship God in their own way. Then it comes to us, "what had they?" Money? No. Prestige? No. Security? Certainly not. In their hearts was a grim determination to succeed in a new world. They fought con-

stantly the vicissitudes of a wild and dangerous country, besieged by illness, disappointments and defeat and they overcame the hardships which were paving their pathway for them. Nothing but honesty, integrity, love for one's neighbor, steadfastness of purpose, belief in God and a spirit of fairness could have achieved the end which was theirs.

Such was the background of some of our first American Citizens. Such was the character passed down to generations of their children. Such is the principle which Junior American Citizens clubs strive to instil in the lives of the modern boy and girl. Through a more thorough knowledge of such people as these Pilgrims, through a clearer understanding of the character of these forefathers of this land, boys and girls come to see how these United States of America could and did build on a firm foundation for a permanent government that would do for its people more than any other form of government in the world.

With the club work, the Junior American Citizens are finding that history is not merely a school book that must be opened and read—they are living and understanding the lives that have moulded this land for them and they are appreciating more fully what it means. They are learning the American Way of Life, based on a sincere and sane patriotism.

So, as this Thanksgiving season rolls around, let us think back once more in all seriousness to those simple, steadfast folk who long ago laid for us the firm foundation upon which this country stands and let us pledge ourselves anew to stand by the same ideals and principles for which they fought so bravely.

Let us pledge ourselves to work for the boys and girls of today, to bring into their lives that same determination and fine character which Peregrine White and her little playmates had. Throughout the country let us have new Pilgrims who will seek truth, honor and clear thinking—Pilgrims who will think only of the American Way and who will so build their lives that they, too, will go down in history as men and women who kept America "the land of the free and the home of the brave".

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman.



A SCENE FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK"

Motion Pictures

MY attention has been called by a correspondent of Culpeper, Virginia, to the fact that Matthew Fontaine Maury, who is singled out of the Hall of Fame and his great achievements pictured in the film "*Prophet Without Honor*," mentioned in the August issue of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, was born in Virginia and not in Tennessee. I feel that it is a matter of historical accuracy to call attention to this fact.

A letter from the reference library in the University of Virginia has listed an interesting group of books covering Maury's history and I am passing them on to readers for their information:

The Encyclopedia Americana; Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*; Jacqueline Ambler Caskie, *Life and Letters of Matthew Fontaine Maury*. Richmond, 1928;

Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin, *A Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury*, London, 1888 (P. 7 "After the marriage, Richard and Diana Maury first settled in Spotsylvania County, about ten miles west of Fredericksburg. There . . . their fourth son Matthew was born. . ."); *The Dictionary of American Biography*; *The Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Charles Lee Lewis, *Matthew Fontaine Maury, Pathfinder of the Seas*. U. S. Naval Institute, 1927. *National Cyclopedia of American Biography*.

THE following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

Audience classifications are as follows: "Adults," 18 years and up; "Young People," 15 to 18 years; "Family," all ages; "Junior Matinee," suitable for a special children's showing.

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (20th Century-Fox)

Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert, Edna May Oliver.

An exceptional film in Technicolor based on the recent best seller by Walter D. Edmunds, dealing with the problems of the settlers in the Mohawk Valley in New York State during the Revolutionary War, when the hatred of the Iroquois Indians was incited by the Tories against the Colonists. It leaves a profound impression of the hardships endured by those who helped found our country. Adults and young people.

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS (RKO Radio)

Raymond Massey, Ruth Gordon, Mary Howard.

An exceptional film of great historical value results from the adaptation of Robert Sherwood's stage play. It presents a vivid picture of Lincoln's life from his young manhood to the day he leaves Springfield, Illinois, to become President of the United States. Raymond Massey gives the same fine characterization of Lincoln as he did in the stage play. Recommended for schools. Adults and young people.

BABES IN ARMS (MGM)

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Charles Winninger, Guy Kibbee, Henry Hull, Petty Jaynes.

An adaptation of one of the most successful Broadway comedy hits by the composer-author team of Rodgers and Hart. The time is about 1930 when the decline of vaudeville is clearly evident. The story is that of the courageous attempt made by a group of "two-a-day" actors to recapture a waning fame and the spirited way in which their children, born to the theatre, came to their rescue. The talents in and abilities of Mickey Rooney and a strong supporting cast are shown in the singing and dancing ensembles and there is youthful zest to the production that is most stimulating. Excellent entertainment. Family.

DISPUTED PASSAGE (Paramount)

Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Howard.

A human interest drama with a medical angle, based on the recent novel by Lloyd Douglas, whose "White Banners", "Green Light" and "Magnificent Obsession" have been significant additions to the screen. The story concerns a noted surgeon, whose life and work are guided wholly by science, and a young doctor, who experiences the satisfaction of ministering to the suffering and problems of the common people. Adults and young people.

GERONIMO (Paramount)

Preston Foster, Andy Devine, Ellen Drew.

The story of the famous Apache Indian warrior who for more than thirty years terrorized a large section of the western part of the United States. Adults and young people.

THE REAL GLORY (United Artists)

Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds, David Niven.

An interesting picture presenting the problems of the Philippines after the Spanish-American War and a specific situation in 1906 following the evacuation of American troops. Adults and young people.

RULER OF THE SEAS (Paramount)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Will Fyfe, Margaret Lockwood.

The rivalry between the sailing vessel and the steamship for the supremacy of the seas a hundred years ago is splendidly told in a tale of the trials, difficulties and prejudices which had to be overcome before men would accept steam as a means of transatlantic travel. The photography is exceptional and the direction vigorous. Adults and young people.

TOWER OF LONDON (Universal)

Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, Barbara O'Neil, Ian Hunter.

An historical drama of England in the late fifteenth century under the strong rule of Edward IV and the treacheries and intrigues of his youngest brother, Richard III. The cast is a strong one, the direction is notable and the film offers an illuminating highlight on a dark period. Adults and young people.

Shorts**THE BILL OF RIGHTS** (Vitaphone)

An interesting short film outlining the history of the Bill of Rights and the struggle of the colonial citizens to have it incorporated into the Constitution. The scenes are laid in Williamsburg, Virginia, and the period has been carefully reproduced. An educational and informative picture recommended for schools and libraries. Family.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS (Columbia)

An instructive short subject on the Bible—its influence over the centuries, the early hand-illuminated forms and its published form today made on modern presses with all the highly artistic skill and fine craftsmanship the Book deserves. Family.

BUILDING OF BOYS (Columbia)

A subject filled with human interest and valuable suggestions for helping American boys, made by The Boys' Clubs of America. The contrast between life on the streets for boys who "live to play" and the fine influence of club life, camps, libraries and health supervision is clearly shown. Excellent. Family.

THE EVERGREEN EMPIRE (20th Century-Fox)

A pictorial visit to the state of Washington showing its beautiful forests and majestic mountains. There are many delightful vistas of lakes and icy, trout-filled streams. Family.

FILMING THE FLEET (20th Century Fox)

Adventures of the Newsreel Cameraman. The activities of the American fleet are pictured in an interesting and informative way leaving a thrill of pride in our United States Navy. Family.

ONE AGAINST THE WORLD (MGM)

An important dramatic event in medical history occurred in 1809 when Dr. Ephraim MacDowell performed the first major operation in the face of circumstances that would easily have turned from his purpose a man of less persistence and courage. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, he advocated modern medical methods rather than the superstitious cures in common use at the time. An impressive subject excellently interpreted. Family.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY,
National Chairman.

National Defense Through Patriotic Education

The American Way of Life

THE National Defense through Patriotic Education Committee calls attention to the opportunities offered by American Education Week, November 5-11. Education for the *American Way of Life* is the general theme; no opportunity should be lost in bringing to the thoughtful attention of citizens and children their blessings under the American Way of Life.

The National Education Association of the United States presents its program beginning Sunday, November 5, *The Place of Religion in Our Democracy*; November

6, *Education for Self-Realization*; November 7, *Education for Human Relationships*; November 8, *Education for Economic Efficiency*; November 9, *Education for Civic Responsibility*; November 10, *Cultivating the Love of Learning*; November 11, *Education for Freedom*. To aid in the presentation of these subjects much material has been prepared—posters, leaflets and stickers. Packets for different grade levels may also be had from the National Education Association.

One little leaflet asks these two questions and answers them in accordance with American principles:

"WHAT IS THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE?"

- It is a free way,
allowing one to live according to his own conscience;
- It is a peaceful way,
settling differences by elections and courts;
- It is a friendly way,
judging success by happiness and growth;
- It is a cooperative way,
emphasizing service to the common good;
- It is a democratic way,
based on human brotherhood and the Golden Rule.

AND WHAT IS EDUCATION FOR THE AMERICAN Way?

- It is universal,
opening its doors to all people;
 - It is individual,
helping each person to make the most of his talents;
 - It is tolerant,
seeking truth thru free and open discussion;
 - It is continuous,
knowing that learning is a lifelong necessity;
 - It is prophetic,
looking always toward a better civilization.
- Such are the Ideals of American Life and Education."

The Daughters of the American Revolution have much material that may be used in community programs and chapters are urged to find opportunity to make the program for patriotic education effective.

IMOGEN B. EMERY,
National Chairman.

Junior

*San Francisco Chapter
Juniors*

A GROUP of younger members of San Francisco Chapter, employed downtown during the day, formed a habit of meeting once a week for lunch and, as a result of the good fellowship thus developed, it was suggested by a member of this group that a Junior Membership Group be organized. The group went forward at the first meeting—election of officers, planning dates, drawing up by-laws and even briefly discussing projects. At the next meeting of the Chapter, which was April 7, 1939, the embryo organization was presented to members and was enthusiastically received.

At subsequent meetings, held the third Saturday afternoon of each month, projects for the group have been discussed. The special interest of the Chapter is in citizenship work, looking toward a contact with naturalized citizens that will aid in their adjustment to our different language and customs and keep them loyal to our form of government. The group would like to aid in a project to celebrate with some special ceremony the admission to citizenship of the numerous foreign-born received each year, who have looked forward to the achievement of American citizenship as an important accomplishment.

This project in a city the size of San Francisco would be too large for such a group to sponsor alone, but in union with other patriotic groups it could be accomplished and pro-American sentiment be thus engendered in the minds of those who might otherwise be easy prey to unpatriotic influences.

The group has discussed its responsibilities as voters, and especially the duty of each voter before going to the polls to learn everything possible about the issues



**JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**

Membership

and the candidates to be voted on. Each member has pledged herself to register for voting and to encourage others to do so. A study project to include civics, politics, and comparative governments, will be conducted by an experienced teacher for members of the group and others, who are interested.

In the background of its plans, to be acted upon when money is available, is a design to offer a sum of money as a prize to university students,

for an essay on "What America Means to Me", or "Why I Believe in a Democratic Form of Government."

The Junior Group of San Francisco Chapter has twelve members.

Not forgetting the social feature of the group, a delightful luncheon was given by two members at Lake Merritt Hotel, Oakland, as a farewell party for one of the group; a silver tea was given for all members of the Chapter, by which the treasury of the group was aided. The group acted as hostess at a reception of some one hundred and fifty guests given by the Chapter at its regular meeting in June.

LUELLA WINKLER,
*Chairman, Junior Group,
San Francisco Chapter.*

Fall Meeting of Junior Groups

Massachusetts Leaders Round Table.
Boston, September 28, Hotel Pioneer, 8 P. M.

French Lick, Indiana. Junior Assembly for State Conference, October 10.

Michigan Junior Assembly. Detroit, November 3, Ingleside Club, 10:30 A. M.

Olean Chapter Juniors

THE Junior Group of the Olean Chapter had the pleasure of entertaining a newspaper correspondent and novelist from Haarlem, The Netherlands. I will use her pen name, Mona Bos, as it is much easier to pronounce than her own name. Mona was the guest of Nelda Randall, one of our Juniors. She is typically Dutch, tall, blonde and wholesome. Mona is 27, married and has just published her first book. She was sent to this country by her newspaper to which she sent articles every week or so. Her English was excellent and she was perfectly at ease in any situation. Her naturalness was one of her chief charms and, except for a slight accent, you forgot that she was not one of us, especially as she knew more about our country than some Americans do.

More fortunate than most of us, Mona visited the New York and San Francisco Fairs. She loved every inch of our country and thinks she would like to live here, especially in California.

She sailed for home August 24, not knowing whether her husband would meet her or be at the front.

Mona hopes to write a novel on her trip to America and return next year with her husband.

THELMA BROWN, *Chairman,*
Olean Junior Group.

Message from Chairman of 1940 Junior Assembly

AT the Board meeting of the National Committee for Junior Membership, held in Washington in April, it was voted that we divide the Junior Organization into regions with a Regional Chairman for each division listed in the Directory of Committees of the National Society.

The Regional Chairman is to be responsible for getting the reports of the State Chairmen of her division and condensing these reports into one report to be used in the Junior paper "Echoes", to be used by the Chairman of 1940 Junior Assembly for her report to the Congress in April. These Regional Chairmen will also give a report

of their divisions at the Junior D. A. R. Assembly in April.

We felt that each State would be better represented, especially at the Junior Assembly where the time is so limited that it is almost impossible to get each State report in. We also hope that it will tend to unite and strengthen our organization in its service to the National Society.

The Regional Chairmen are as follows:

Northern Division: Mrs. Donald Patterson, 72 Dorchester Road, Buffalo, New York.

Connecticut	Maine	Massachusetts
New Hampshire	New York	Rhode Island
	Vermont	

Eastern Division: Mrs. John Boyce-Smith, III, River Road, Chatham, New Jersey.

Delaware	District of	Maryland
New Jersey	Columbia	Virginia
	Pennsylvania	
	West Virginia	

Southeastern Division: Mrs. W. Logan Hill, 112 W. Lee Street, Pensacola, Florida.

Alabama	Cuba	Florida
Georgia	Kentucky	Mississippi
North Carolina	South Carolina	Tennessee

Southwestern Division: Miss Lois Lentz, 271 East Linewood, San Antonio, Texas.

Arizona	Arkansas	Louisiana
New Mexico	Oklahoma	Texas

Central Division: Miss Eloise Bonnett, Le Roy, Illinois.

Illinois	Indiana	Iowa
Michigan	Minnesota	Missouri
Ohio	Wisconsin	Philippine Islands

Western Division: Miss Mary H. Perry, 201 N. Prairie Avenue, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Colorado	Kansas	Nebraska
North Dakota	South Dakota	

Pacific Coast Division: Miss Louise Janice McNary, 306 Seventeenth Street, Santa Monica, California.

Alaska	California	Hawaii
Idaho	Montana	Nevada
Oregon	Panama	Utah
Washington	Wyoming	China

THELMA BROWN,
Chairman 1940 Junior
D. A. R. Assembly.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL
Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

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- 8—Christian Science Lecture.
- 10—National Association of Postmasters.
- 15—John Charles Thomas, Baritone.
- 22—Robert Virovai, Violinist.
- 24—The Philadelphia Orchestra,
Fritz Kreisler, Soloist.
- 29—The National Symphony Orchestra,
Hans Kindler, Conductor.

NOVEMBER

- 5—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 6—The Community Chest.
- 8—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 12—Serge Rachmaninoff, Pianist.
- 15—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 17—National Geographic Lecture.
- 19—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 22—N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony
Orchestra.
- 24—National Geographic Lecture.
- 26—Yehudi Menuhin, Violinist.
- 28—The Philadelphia Orchestra,
Leopold Stokowski, Conductor.

DECEMBER

- 1—National Geographic Lecture.
- 3—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 5—Fritz Kreisler, Violinist.
- 8—National Geographic Lecture.
- 10—Don Cossack Male Chorus.
- 15—National Geographic Lecture.
- 17—Christian Science Lecture.

1940

JANUARY

- 2—The Philadelphia Orchestra,
Yehudi Menuhin, Soloist.
- 5—National Geographic Lecture.
- 7—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 10—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 12—National Geographic Lecture.
- 14—The Mozart Choir.
- 17—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 19—National Geographic Lecture.
- 21—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 23—Kirsten Flagstad, Soprano.
- 26—National Geographic Lecture.
- 28—Grace Moore, Soprano.

1940

FEBRUARY

- 2—National Geographic Lecture.
- 4—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 6—Lily Pons, Coloratura.
- 9—National Geographic Lecture.
- 11—Mischa Levitzki, Pianist.
- 14—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 16—National Geographic Lecture.
- 18—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 22—George Washington University.
- 23—National Geographic Lecture.
- 25—Helen Jepson, Soprano.
- 27—The Philadelphia Orchestra,
Artur Schnabel, Soloist.
- 28—Jeanette MacDonald, Soprano.

MARCH

- 1—National Geographic Lecture.
- 3—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 5—Lawrence Tibbett, Baritone.
- 6—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 8—National Geographic Lecture.
- 10—Bidu Sayao-Igor Gorin, Joint Recital.
- 12—Monte Carlo Ballet Russe.
- 13—Monte Carlo Ballet Russe.
- 15—National Geographic Lecture.
- 17—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 22—National Geographic Lecture.
- 24—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 27—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 29—National Geographic Lecture.
- 31—Nelson Eddy, Baritone.

APRIL

- 2—The Philadelphia Orchestra,
Eugene Ormandy, Conductor.
- 5—National Geographic Lecture.
- 7—Richard Crooks, Tenor.
- 9—Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist.
- 10—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 14—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 15—D. A. R. Congress.
- 16—D. A. R. Congress.
- 17—D. A. R. Congress.
- 18—D. A. R. Congress.
- 19—D. A. R. Congress.
- 20—D. A. R. Congress.
- 21—Christian Science Lecture.
- 25—National Folk Festival.
- 26—National Folk Festival.
- 27—National Folk Festival.

JUNE

- 6—Columbus University.
- 12—George Washington University.

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a Merry Christmas*

IF I COULD TALK TO YOU

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

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AGAIN I am allowing the Christmas cards which, as President General, I might send to individual chapters, to accomplish their purpose through a scholarship to bring new life to a boy of our moun-

tain. This year you have small Tommy who is only six. His mother, who is in charge of one of the dormitories, could not have accepted the opportunity without partial provision for her three small boys.

Herman, last year's Christmas child, improved so much in health while at the school, that he must this year remain at home to help his father with the planting. When you count your Christmas blessings, remember to include Tommy.



At Indianapolis, Indiana, on October the eleventh, the fiftieth year of the National Society had a promising beginning. More than thirty members of the National Board of Management were present at Indiana's State Conference when a portrait of Carolina Scott Harrison, first President General of the Society, a copy of the Huntington painting at the White House, was presented to the Harrison Mansion, for many years the home of President and Mrs. Harrison and now restored as a museum by the Jordan Foundation. Indiana Daughters marked the home with an appropriate tablet. A surprise feature of the day was the presentation of a tiny tree, root-shoot of the sturdy descendant of the Washington Elm which now gives friendly shade over the Founders' Memorial on our own grounds at Memorial Continental Hall. So far as is known, this is the first authenticated "great grandchild" of the Washington Elm at Cambridge. It makes a pleasing link between the properties of our National Society and the home of our first President General.

The more one learns of Caroline Scott Harrison, the more she gains our respect. In the home are many beautiful pictures of flowers painted by her. When she entered the White House, Mrs. Harrison decided that her gowns should be of American design and manufacture. Several unusual patterns, one of burr oak leaves and acorns, another of goldenrod, were created by Miss Mary A. Williamson, an art teacher who later won many medals for her original designs. The oak leaves and acorns became the favor-

ite of President and Mrs. Harrison because, for her copy, Miss Williamson used leaves from trees on the battlefield of Tippecanoe, where President Harrison's grandfather, William Henry Harrison, figured so prominently.

A letter from the president of the Jordan Foundation will be of general interest:

"Looking back over the triumphal meeting of the D.A.R., the Harrison Memorial realizes with increasing satisfaction the honor which you have bestowed on our enterprise. The presentation of the portrait of Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison justly attracted wide attention, and the picture itself becomes a permanent feature of the first importance in the Memorial Home. The bronze plaque also is historically valuable and befits the incidents and the local concerned.

In behalf of our board and this whole community, I beg to extend to you our grateful appreciation of your thoughtful and generous part in all these ceremonies. I wish particularly to speak of the kind and effective words used by you in your address, so suitable reference to all will be made in the records of the Harrison Memorial."



At our own two schools this year, Christmas will have a new meaning. A health house at each school, a "teacherage," a model farm, a boys' dormitory, new class rooms and other improvements will make possible comfort and well-being hitherto unknown at the schools. Practical gifts, together with a few "pretties," will bring joy to children in all of your sixteen approved schools. The little girl at the table pictures the content of many a tiny mountaineer not only made happy, but also offered new opportunity, because of you.





MRS. ROBERT J. JOHNSTON, NEWLY ELECTED VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL

Views of the Vice Presidents General

VII. MARY H. STODDARD JOHNSTON

THE poet has said, "Words are the windows of the soul through which our friends view the emotions of our hearts and minds." Would that I had the power to express all that is in my heart of appreciation and grateful thanks to those who have made it possible for me "to sit in the seats of the mighty" as one of your Vice Presidents General, and would that I might be able to create a greater appreciation of our responsibilities and opportunities as an organization. It is our task to mould the ideas of the coming generation who will soon take up the torch and march on.

We must cease to talk in vague terms of the high traditions and glory of our country and the visions of those who built better than they knew in founding this great country. We must be prepared to specifically state to them, and inculcate in the minds of our youth that our Constitution is a living vital thing charged with the sum of human experiences as evolved through the centuries. Through patriotic education we must make it plain that national defense does not mean war, but peace, that it is an ideal to be accomplished through international good will and justice.

George Sokolsky, in one of his brilliant messages, said, "The role of women in government must be essentially different from that of men. It must be a role of preserving the state and preserving the government for the welfare of succeeding generations. Men do not think that way, they live in the present and regard this moment as life, while women do not." If such a man has faith in the ability of women, shall we not have faith ourselves? When we consider the heroic battles of our forefathers down through the ages for the freedom and liberty we now enjoy, surely there must be some glamour, some idealism and romance that we women can build about our lives so that our youth will be inspired with faith in patriotism and rally to its cause.

To be quite personal, our Magazine will always have a different meaning to me than to my predecessors or to my co-workers, for it was my lot to witness the doing away with furnishing it free to all members and to work to build it up from scratch. I think of it as a publication growing in interest—a publication that is of priceless value in disseminating our patriotic ideals.

From Iowa, the "Golden Buckle" on the Corn Belt of America, I send greetings to every Daughter of the American Revolution. May Christmas joys abide with you during the holiday season and the New Year that is soon to come.



Peace to Men of Good Will!

IMOGEN B. EMERY

Chairman, National Defense through Patriotic Education Committee

"ON EARTH PEACE, Good Will Toward Man!" was the angel song on that first Christmas morn, and again the chimes ring out through Christendom bearing the glad tidings of the birth of the Savior! The crowded inn and Mary and Joseph seeking such shelter as they could find, and the birth of the Christ Child in the manger, pass before our minds. We follow Him through those short years on earth, speaking words of wisdom at a tender age in the temple, and coming at last to Gethsemane.

For many hearts this Christmas-tide is Gethsemane. War has torn at the roots of the Christian world once more, and men cry out in anguish for peace.

In the United States peace and security have been realized for longer periods than in other lands. Desire for freedom to worship brought peoples to these shores; here were established varied religious sects whose right to worship according to their own consciences has been one of the inherent principles within our Constitution.

In order to produce good citizens our public educational system was established; it offers unprecedented opportunity to the common man. But liberal education for the people must be founded in patriotism and in religion, as our foremost educators of today are learning.

Religion binds man back to his Creator and instills allegiance to God. Hope and faith are imperative for the development of the power for good that lies within each human breast. To the aching troubled hearts of men and women "Peace" means greater joy than the younger generation has ever known, because of destructive influences about them.

Peace has been made by force; treaties of peace have been signed under duress; hatreds, prejudice and injustice have been written into the understandings between nations, destroying their own purpose. But peace means more than cessation from combat; it is of the spirit of man. The "brotherhood" that is the cry of materialists who love not God has ever failed of peace. Human rights are sacred only as they emanate from the divine spark within the soul of man.

Man's need to worship and to follow a leader above and beyond himself is the unchanging testimony of history. Religion has ever been the binding force of a nation, whether churches are states or states become churches, or there is complete separation between church and state.

Japan makes the state a religion and finds unity and strength in its ancient Shintoism, rallying the people to "The Son of Heaven," their emperor. Lenin's tomb is the object of Soviet devotion and unity, binding a people in religious enthusiasm to a materialist program and leadership. Race is the god around which the German people are bound in accord and allegiance to the Führer and his program of terror.

"In God We Trust" is the motto on our coin; under consecrated leadership this nation was born. Those first reaching these shores gave grateful thanks to God. Divine Guidance was sought in the difficult days when earnest men struggled with the problems of establishing a national government which could function under a Constitution of the people. Today the sessions of our Congress open with prayer for divine guidance, and the Chaplain is an officer of Senate and House.

But there is great need in America for rededication of lives to God, for Unity among men of good will, for the working out of unsolved problems that affect their peace. Christ must be the Standard Bearer around whom our people shall rally and press on for the attainment of the ideals upon which this nation was founded.

"Freedom, equality, justice and humanity" require tolerance and a reverent spirit. Respect for fellow-man and tolerance toward another's views are of the spirit of this nation. They must continue to live. Freedom for one must mean freedom for all if anyone is to be secure. It behooves the patriot, however, to be able to answer the challenges of the day, to be ready to meet the attacks on the very foundations of our government, that freedom shall be preserved, and the peace of mankind secured. We need to remember that freedom does not mean license nor does tolerance mean failure to discriminate.

Man needs to worship. If he forsake the God of Truth and Peace, the god of ruthless power will take His place. Only as men's hearts are set on God will good will rule on earth and peace belong to man. May we devote ourselves to the attainment of peace on earth, good will toward man!

CANDLE LORE

MARION ADDINGTON

Declaration by
ELIZABETH CARGILL



AT THIS TIME, when the soft clear flame of millions of candles is lighting up the world in honor of the Nativity, it is pleasant to recall something of the lore that attaches to them. Christmas was originally known as the "Feast of Lights" because so many candles were used; they were symbolical of the wonderful light which shone from the sky. Also in remembrance were the gifts of candles which the chandlers or candlemakers in England made to their customers. A "great candle" was burned in the house at Christmas, and this custom was still in vogue as late as 1788.

Pioneers of America not only made their own candles, but they also resorted to some of Nature's candles—pitch or pine knots, known as "candle-wood." In an historical sketch published in 1852 Mark Doolittle tells of an order passed by the town of Northampton, Massachusetts, which prohibited the people in general from collecting any more candle-wood from within seven miles of the meeting-place, probably because the parishioners of the church did not wish to be left without material for lights within easy reach of the church.

Auction sales in both America and England were regulated by the candle, and most of the eighteenth century advertisements commence: "To be sold by inch of candle . . ." At these sales an inch of candle was lighted and while that burned the bidding went on; the last one to bid before the candle flickered out was the lucky buyer.

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